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THE CRVELL BROTHER.

A Tragedy.

As it was presented, at the priuate House, in the *Blacke-Fryers*:

By His Maiesties Seruants.

LONDON,
Imprinted by *A. M.* for *Iohn Waterson*,
and are to bee solde at the signe of the
Crowne in *Pauls Church-yard*,
1630.

976

TO
THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE THE LORD WESTON, LORD HIGH TREASVRER OF ENGLAND.

My Lord,

I Should doe my inclination wrong, to call this, the first Testimony of my Zeale to your Lordshippe: For I did neuer

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thinke the wonder, or the prayſe that I haue written, iuſt; vntill I found your Lordſhips Character in both: and yet the age is growne vnworthy to receiue ſuch truths; therefore, ſome were purpoſely conceal'd; and this fit eſteeme of your Lordſhip, is chiefly left to delight Poſterity. I could vrge the dignitie of *Dramatick-Poems*, but that were vainly to direct, rather then wooe, an acceptation. Thoſe errors, your Lordſhippes leaſure ſhall vouchſafe to reade in this *Tragedy*, are its originall Crimes, hauing receiu'd no examination ſince the Birth, and being aduiſed to correct it, by a ſuruay, I ſayd, I had ſtudy'd your Lordſhip.

ſhip, and would not leſſen, the noble office of your Mercy. This confidence (I hope) ſhall nothing preiudice

Your Lordſhips humble Seruant.

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

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The Scene, *Italy.*

The Persons of this *Tragedy.*

The DVKE. *of* Sienna.
LVCIO. *A Count.*
FORESTE. *Creature to* Lucio.
CASTRVCHIO. *A satyricall-*Courtier.
COSIMO. *A Courtier, and Cousen to* Castruchio.
DORIDO. *A Gentleman, Companion with both.*
LOTHARIO. *A frantique young-Gallant.*
BORACHIO. *A Rustick, Tenant, and Seruant to* Lothario.
A MONKE. *A Sutor.*
A GENTLEMAN. *A Sutor.*
CORSA. *Sister to* Foreste, *Wife to* Lucio.
LVINNA. *Wife to* Foreste.
DVARTE. *Woman to* Corsa.
A BOY. *Who Sings.*
SERVANTS. *&c.*

THE

THE CRVELL BROTHER.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter FORESTER *and* LVCIO.

FORREST. I must not be so rude as to beleeue
That you (my Lord) can your affections set
Vpon a Mayde, so humble in her birth
As she you name, for regard of honour
Doe not mock the sister of your seruant.
Lucio. This way to madnesse leads, teach not my heart
Such modern Heraldry. Let it dispose
Ot charitable thoughts, with naturall eies,
Vnlimmited by customary forme,
Which giue, and nicetie haue made an Art,
Virtue, not blood enobles vs, and ernes
Her atribute, without hereditary helpe
From ancestors. O my deere *Foreste?*
Thy sister with such noble wealth is fraught,
That to be couetous for her, appeares,
A holy sinne. But thou art cruell growne
Thy memory is sick. The old effects
That witnesse how I loue thy learned soule,
Are quite forgot.
Fores. Young Lord, disclaime that thought!

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Heare I Promulgate, you my Patron are;
You found me in eſtate ſo poore, ſo lowe,
That you were faine to ſtoope to lift me vp,
You are the Dukes Creature! who doates by Art,
Who in his loue, and kindneſſe, Method keepes:
He holdeth thus his Armes, in fearefull care
Not to bruſe you with his deere embracements;
And what is ſhe whoſe Virgin blood diſdaines
To quench your lawfull fire? or whom the Duke
Would not procure to climbe your Marriage bed
Vpon her Knees? And ſhall I then
(Like to the treacherous Moone) ſtriue to eclipſe
The Sunne that giues me light? Shall I conſent
That ſhe, that tumbled in a Wombe with me,
Shall giue your Iſſue birth? The royall Duke
Would thanke me for ſuch charitie. My Lord
Though you are wiſe, you are but young.

Lucio. Heart of Viper!
Sure Time hath loſt his feathers from his Heeles,
Marke how ſlow he goes? Shall I neere be olde
That my deſignes may repute haue,
And credit in the World. I doe not aske
Thy Siſter for my Whore; but for my Wife.

Foreſ. Sir t'is already ioynd vnto my Creede;
For I would eate your Heart, ſhould it contriue
A way in thought, how to cheate my Siſter
Of her pure Chaſtitie. I loue you ſo
That I with care ſuppoſe; She not deſerues
To be your Wife, and ſo eſteeme of her
That ſhe is much too good, to be your Whore.
In this new Argument, I am too bolde,
You know my duty well. The Dukes abroad
Though but the birth of day. Goe Sir!

Enter Duke, Caſtruchio, Dorido, Coſimo,
Pages, *and* Followers.

Duke. My glorious Boy, you are too vigilant:
The Sunne, and you, doe viſite me at once.
This courtſhip is not ſafe. You muſt not meete Your

Your Louer, with a Riuall, glorious
As your ſelfe. *Foreſte!* welcome from Genoa,
How fares our Brother Cardinall?

Foreſ. In health, and eaſe. He badde me tell your Grace
It was a deed of charitie to thinke
Him worthy of this fame great impleyment.
And this letter he humbly recommends
To your peruſall. Duke *reads the Letter to himſelfe.*

Caſt. How can it chooſe
But choke the very Soule, and bruſe the Heart
To thinke that ſuch a giddy Snipe: a Foole
(That merely liues to diſparage Nature)
Should creepe to this ambitious gouernment.
Still he rules the Ruler. The *Duke* is Ward
Vnto a Page; whoſe Eie-browes weare more Beard,
Then doth his Chinne: And there's his Inſtrument,
A darke fellow; that with diſguiſed Lookes
Cou'd cheat an Hypocrite, older then Time.

Dorid. I'ue heard a better Character of both,
Such, as to the young Count, Witt, and vallour giues:
Vnto *Foreſte*, honeſt Spirits.

Caſt. Report is then become a Bawde to Luck;
Whom Fortune do henrich, Fame doth flatter.

Duke Sure this tame Prieſt will make vs all Cowards.
We muſt a truce confirme with Genoa.
Well, be it ſo. Where now (my noble Boy)
Shall I occaſion finde, to teſtifie
That you deſerue my loue, by vertue of your owne?
In tickely times, when Warre and Civill Spleene
Beſiege the Heart, with treacherous deſignes,
A friend ſhall find a cauſe to make him knowne,
But now in faire weather: I neede not aske
What Houell's here?

Lucio. In this, I dare diſcredite Fate.
They are not ſo wealthy in affliction:
With ſorrow ſo well ſtor'd; as could ſuffice
To trie my ſufferance: in the behalfe
Of you my Prince, and ſtill royall Maſter.

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Duke. Dar'ſt thou then die for me?
Heere — make thy ſelfe a ſacrifice to Fame. *Proffers him a*
Take it, and I will be thy Chronicler. *naked Rapyard.*
Lucio. It were (Sir) but ingratitude in me
To lellen thus, the number ſanctifide
Of your true friends. Be you pleas'd to ſheath it,
In that ſame part, which you doe moſt abhorre.
Duke. O *Lucio!* thou art my Earewig now,
Creep'ſt in my eare, to feaſt vpon my Braines.
When in my priuate graue I lye inclos'd,
More ſilent then my ruin'd Fame: no tongue
Shall pay his tribute to my memory
But thine: for thou art likely to ſuruiue.
Thy yeares are few, but full of gratitude. —
Come, thy eyes to the Parke: The ſprightfull morne
Gines motion, wings, and libertie to thoſe
Whom lamenеſſe ſtakes vnto the ground.
Caſt. Royall dotard, like tinder, thou doſt waſte
Thy forced fire, to giue another light
Whoſe ſawcy flame will darken thine. Monſtrous!
Dorid. Why doſt thou ſpend thy gall in ſecret thus?
A pox vpon't: turne thoughts to action:
Heauen knowes, I had rather enrich my ſelfe,
Then enuy others wealth. Imploy thy brayne.
Get the Dukes fiſt to this; and thou ſhalt ſhare
Fiue hundred Crownes.
Caſt. What is't?
Dorid. The old buſineſſe.
Caſt. And not yet ſign'd: This t'is to be modeſt.
Had I had reputation in thy Creede *Enter Foreſte.*
It had beene done long ſince. There's my agent.
Hence and proui le me thanks. Saue you Signior.
Foreſ. You may with charitie.
Caſt. Am I in your remembrance ſir?
Foreſ. Signior *Caſtruchio*, as I take you.
Caſt. The ſame. Becauſe I neuer did deſire
To gaine by being troubleſome, I loſt

The deere benifit of the practique part.
Cuſtom's a ſutors ſafe encourager.
I the Duke haue ſeru'd, ſince I was able
To ſerue my ſelfe. Yet neuer had the luck
To get by it: and as the times promiſe,
Neuer ſhall: Vnleſſe I imitate the Crab,
And find my way (as he doth his) backwards.
That is: to make petition to the foote
That he will pleaſe t'inſtruct, and teach the head
When to coniſerate my affaire.
Foreſ. Signior. I neede a comment to your words.
Caſt. If you will moone my Lord (the Count)
To get the Dukes faire hand, ſubſcribed heere;
Then ſhall I feele my ſelfe well vnderſtood.
Foreſ. Sir my abillities are moſt pregnant
When I find I may be profitable
To any Courtiers iuſt, and moleſt ſute.
I pray what ſenſe carries the inſcription?
Caſt. Only this Sir. There is an Engine made
Which ſpends its ſtrength by force of nimble wheeles,
For they once ſcrewed vp, in their returne
Will riue on Oake: but with ſuch ſubtill force
That motion giues no leaſure to impediment.
The large and ponderous Logge is ſoone conſum'd,
To ſhauings more tranſparant then a Glaſſe.
Of theſe the skilfull Boxes make, Scabbards,
Sheathes, Cheaſts, and molds for childrens Cabinets.
Foreſ. Truſt me an Engine of importance great!
But now, what would the Enginere himſelfe?
Caſt Faith Signior, nought but a Monopoly
For all thoſe wares his Engine makes.
Foreſ. Keepe it. Good ſir keep it. A monopoly!
Why ſir the common-wealth hath beene ſo cruſh'd,
With th'inſulting Charter of ſuch Patents,
That now the very word defiles the cauſe.
I had thought you Signior would haue ingag'd
My indultry in ſuch a ſute as might

Noway diſpared though it did enrich;
However not abuſe the publique weale.
Caſt. Very good Sir. My Lord the Count, your ſelfe
(His ſeruile Inſtrument) and ſome others,
Of this new faction that now, engroſſe
All Offices, and ſend your Scoutes abroad
Intelligencers ſtrict that bring you home
The number, and the rate of what your ſelues,
Or others in the darke can put to ſale.
Nature hath not altered yet: the firſt
And antick method to preſerue our breaths.
We muſt eate bread if we intend to liue;
Which how to get (vnleſſe this humble way
That you deride) In troth I cannot tell.
It makes me mad to thinke you ſhould expoſe
Vs Men of Heart, to thoſe faſtidious helpes
That ſcape your owne acceptance. Your wide Threats,
That ſoone will ſwallow any thing which fills
Although it nouriſh not. A pox vpon you all!
Foreſ. I did expect you would begin to rayle.
Good troubled Soule! I knew you well before.
You are the only Man, whoſe wealthy Muſe
Doth furniſh all the Fidlers in the State
With diſp'rate Ballads, and inuectiue Songs.
Libells of ſuch weake fancy and compoſure
That we doe all eſteeme it greater wrong
T'haue our Names extant in ſuch paltery Ryme
Then in the ſlanderous ſence.
Caſt. Very well Sir!
Foreſ. You, you muſt be a Satyriſt forſooth,
Calumniat by inſtinct and inſpiration.
As if iuſt Heauen would borrow Gall of you,
Wherewith to write our faults. (O ſtrict account!)
Your Gall, which in the Pen ſo ouerflowes,
That ſtill it blots, where in inſcribs.
You imitate the properties of Doggs,
Who barke and ſnarle moſt at him they know not.

For

For elſe among all thoſe you ſcandalize
Why nam'd you me? (almoſt a ſtranger to your Eye)
My Anceſtors that built no Monument
For their fames to dwell in; You alſo bring
Into the knowledge of the criticke World.
Why I could neuer ſee thee yet but drunke:
Which makes thy Verſes reele and ſtagger ſo.
Caſt. Come ſir! We may exchange one thruſt vnſeene.
They draw fight, chaſe, Foreſ. flings down Caſ. & diſarmes him.
Foreſ. A prety Curr! dare it bite as well as barke!
How now ſir, your Mathematicall thruſts!
Then haue at ye -- Yeeld me thy Sword, or elſe thou dy'ſt.
I haue no ioy to ſet at liberty
A Soule ſo vnprepar'd. And as thou art
My Enemy, I take a full reuenge,
By ſuffering thy corrupted blood, to dwell *Enter a*
And taint within thy vaines. W'are diſcouered -- *Monke.*
Take thy ſword. Now get thee home and rayle vpon't,
Becauſe t'would fight no better.
Caſt. Yet we may meete i'th' darke. You haue a throat
And there are Kniues in *Italy*. *Exit Caſtruchio.*
Foreſt. A good day attend my ghoſtly Father!
Doth this your tariance heere diſcouer ought,
You would with me?
Monke. Your leaſure ſhall produce my vtterance.
O Sonne, your fame is of complexion cleere,
Such as enſnares the virtuous Eye to loue
And adoration. Such as would procure
All the skilfull Angels ſuters to her,
And ſuch as ſerues for my encouragement
For I no letters haue from Noble friends,
Which a requitall from themſelues inuite,
By Courtſhip bold, and troubleſome to others,
Nor am I with that wick'd mettall ſtor'd,
That rules the mighty, and betrayes the minde
To toyle in a deſigne, which angers Heauen,
And makes the Deuill bluſh. But yet (deere Sonne)
I haue a ſuite to thee. *Foreſ.*

Foref. Which I deſire to know.
Monke, In the ancient Covent of S. *Auſtine*
There is a holy brother lately dead,
Whoſe place if you will but confirme on me
By the Dukes letter to the brother-hood,
Then ſhall I better leaſure haue to pray
For you my Patron.
Foref. Alas my Father!
The times are more obſeruant to your Tribe.
It is the method now that your deſerts
Need not to vſher but ſucceed reward.
The Treatiſe (written lately) to confute,
The deſperare ſect in Mantua, calls it you
The Author?
Monke. It knowes no other.
Foref. There your preferment ſafely taketh roote.
Beleeue me (ghoſtly Father) I will chooſe
The fitteſt time to woke in your behalfe.
Monke. Heauen proſper your deſignes. *Exit Monke.*
Foreſt. What throngs of great impediments beſiege
The vertuous minde? ſo thick in multitude,
They ioſtle one another as they come.
Hath Vice a charter got, that none muſt riſe
But ſuch, who of the Deuils faction are?
The way to honour is not euermore
The way to Hell: a vertuous Man may climbe.
Let the flatterer ſell his Lies, elſe-where
It is vnthrifty merchandize to change
My gold for breath. Of all Antagoniſts
Moſt charitie I finde in enuious men.
For they doe ſooner hurt themſelues, then hurt
Or me, or him, that rays'd me vp.
An enuious man is made of thoughts.
To ruminate much doth melt the braine,
And make the heart grow leane. Such men as theſe!
That in oppoſing waſte their proper ſtrengths:
That ſacrifice themſelues in ſilly hope,

To

To butcher vs; ſaue Reuenge a labour,
And dye to make experiment of Wrath.
Let Fame diſcourſe aloud vntill ſhe want
An Antidote: I am not ſcar'd with noyſe.
Heere I diſmiſſe my feares. If I can ſwell
(Vnpoyſon'd by thoſe helpes, which Heauen forbids)
Fond loue of eaſe, ſhall neere my ſoule dehort:
Maugre all flattery, enuy, or report. *Exit Foreſte.*

Sutors within.

O good your Grace heare vs, heare the complaints
Of vs poore Men: O heare vs! we are all
Vndone! Good your Honour heare vs.

Enter Duke *and* Lucio.

Duke. Death encounter 'em! *Lucio* ſhut the doore!
Tis the plague of greatneſſe, the curſe
Or pompe, that in our darkeſt priuacie, wee muſt
Euen publique be to euery Mans affaires.
How now! All theſe ſawcy Troopes of brawling
Surors, attend on you my glorious Boy.
Lucio. It is their humble skill not to arriue
Before your Grace, but by an Aduocate
A Mediatour bleſſed in your Eies.
Duke. How apt am I to loue! yet now obſerue
Vnkindneſſe in my care, and bitterneſſe
In Phyſicke. I ſtudy how to make thee leſſe
That I may make thee more and more my owne.
Office and Dignity are Enemies
To health, and eaſe. Reſpect growes tedious
Obſeruance troubleſome, where 'ti's moſt due.
He that giues his Soule no more imployment
Then what's her owne: may ſleepe within a Drumme.
While buſie Hearts, that loue to vndertake
Beyond their reach of yeeres: are faine to vſe
Drowſie potions: yet watch the Winter night
With more diſtinction then the Pariſh Clocke.
Could'ſt thou reſigne thy titles and thy cares
To make me yet more capable of ſtill

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Enioying thee?
Lucio. My zeale vnto my ſelfe forbids my ſpeech.
Since if I make reply to this, I but
Diſparedge duty, and conſume my breath.
Where ſight is young, and cleere, there Spectacles
Are troubleſome; and rather hide, then ſhew
The obiect. The moſt deuout obedience
Which I ſhall euer owe vnto your Grace
Becomes my heart, much better then my tongue.
Duke. But yet obſerue (my *Lucio*)
Th'vnkind tricks of Nature: how we are fool'd
By a religious conſtancy in Loue.
A Princes hate doth ruine where it falls:
But his affection warmeth where it ſhines
Vntill it kindle fire to ſcorch himſelfe.
If we are ſubiect to the ſinne of Heauen,
(Too much charitie) extreamity of loue:
Let there be mercy ſhewen in puniſhment.
Why is the corrupted vſe of Royall loue
Imputed to our charge, to our Audit layd?
We that with all thoſe Organs furniſh'd are
All thoſe faculties naturall in Men:
Yet limitted in vſe of each: preſcrib'd
Our counterfeation by a ſawcy forme
Of State. How can we chooſe (by this reſtraint)
But ſtruggle more for liberty? make choiſe
Of ſome one Eare; wherein to empty out our Soules,
When they are full of buſie thoughts; of plotts
Abortiue, crude, and thinne. 'Tis cheape, and baſe
For Maieſtie not to be ſingular
In all effects. O then, if I muſt giue my heart
To the command of one: ſend him (ſweete Heauen!)
A modeſt appetite: teach him to know
The ſtomacke ſooner ſurfeits with too much,
Then ſtarues for lacke of that ſupply
Which couetous Ambition calleth want.
For when my Friend beggs, my bounty then

Concludes

Concludes to make me poore before that he
Shall ſo vnthrifty be of breath to aske in vaine.
Diſtraction! tamenеſſe! O my *Lucio*,
How canſt thou conſter this. After I haue chid
I ſeeme to flatter thee.
Lucio. My gracious Lord! ——
Duke. Peace ——
I will no more imploy my memory
Thus to diſcourage thine. Where's *Foreſte*?
'Tis fit he know you are not vigilant
In his behalfe. *Farelo de Sforza*
(My old Secretary) is newly dead:
The place is his. I ſhall expect no thankes
From you, nor yet from him:
My bounty is requited in her choice.
Lucio. Your Grace will bring vs both within the reach
Of publique enuy.
Duke. Thou now would'ſt certifie,
His birth obſcure and baſe diſcourageth
Such earneſt helpe to his ſo great promotion.
Not a iot: Know my Boy! 't'is the vulgar,
Not the Royall trade to patch vp things:
Or ſeeke to mend what was before of qualitie
Perfect enough in it ſelfe. To make a Man
Of nothing: why this ſame creation
Enclines a little neere Diuinitie.
Neere the old performance; which from *Chaos*
Drew this multitude of ſubtill formes.
Lucio Since you (the royall maker) doe commend
The mettall, and your workemanſhippe; it ſhewes
There's little skill in thoſe which enuy him.
Foreſte is your *Creature*. Many times
I doe acquaint him what the generall voyce
Doth vrge in his diſgrace. He laughs it out
And ſweares he would not looſe that priuiledge.
Which Nature gaue him by her kinde miſtake
In his nativitie, for the Seas worth.

1984

As if from's Iſſue he could nere deſerue.
A Monument, vnleſſe himſelfe doe hewe
The ſtones whereof t'is built: vnleſſe he raiſe
His Monument on a Warr; his dignitie
On pouertie obſcure and baſe.
Duke. We doe aff & his thoughts: Such induſtry
Proclaimes him fit for high deſigns: Some Men
Attend the talking Drumme, and riddle out
Their liues on Earth; with Madneſſe Sophiſtry:
Calling their loſſe, their gaine, danger, delight.
Some men conuerſe with Bookes, and melt the braine
In ſullen ſtudy how to vindicate
The liberall Arts. Thoſe looſe formalitie,
Then grow Methodicall; and dy i'th' darke.
Some practiſe rules of State, and ſuffer much
For Honors ſake: nay tread vpon themſelues
At firſt; to reach the higher. Some purſue
The Plough; and in their wholeſome ſweat doe ſwimme.
And ſome that furniſh'd are with nimbler ſoules,
Imploy their times in wanton exerciſe;
Maſques and Reuells: the complements of Loue,
And Loue I finde the eaſieſt vanity.
Lucio. O gentle *Corſa!* make it ſo with me,
Faine would I (if I durſt) reueale to him
The heate of my affection, and where t'is fixt. *Within.*
Duke. Hearke! ſure the gallery doore is left vnlockt.
Are we debard all place of priuacie?
Nature in vs hath loſt her vulgar right.
A loude, bawling ſutor; doth not waken
Charitie, but deafen her.
A ſhame vpon 'em all! In *Lucio. Exeunt Duke & Lucio.*

Enter Sutors at the other doore.

1. Heauen bleſſe his Grace!
2. Amen: and my Lord the Count's good Honor.
3. Friend! went the Duke this way?
2. Heere. This way.
3. Pray ſhew me him; they call *Signior Lucio.*

3. The Count. Come, I'le ſhew you him.
1. Follow, follow, follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dorido *and* Coſimo.

Dor Doſt heere? *Coſimo.*
Coſi. What ſayſt thou?
Dor. I prethee ſtay, why ſlip but heere aſide
And thou ſhalt ſee the moſt reſplendent *Fopp*,
That euer did diſcredit Nature. Signior
Lothario; a Countrey Gentleman
But now the Court Baboone: who perſwades himſelfe,
(Out of a new kinde of madneſſe) to be *enter Lothario.*
The Dukes fauorite. He comes. Th'other is *Borachio.*
A bundle of Prouerbs: whom he ſeduc'd
From the Plough; to ſerue him for Preferment.
Lotha. Borachio.
Bor. My Lord?
Loth. Suruay my garments round, and then declare
If I haue hit it?
Bor. You haue ſir: but not the marke.
Loth. What marke? thou bold Pariſhioner of Hell.
Bor. Why Sir, the marke I aime at: Preferment.
After a ſtorme, comes a calme: the harder
You blow, the ſooner your Cheekes will ake: and he
That cares for your anger, may haue more of't
When he liſt, for my parr, I know my Mother.
Loth. The froward Siſters haue conſpir'd. Slaue! Dog!
Wilt thou neuer leaue this immenſe folly?
Can nothing ſerue thoſe dull Lippes but Prouerbs?
Bor. Sir, I know none of your Prouerbs. Firſt come,
Firſt ſeru'd. Theſe words that are neereſt the tongue,
Haue opportunitie ſooneſt to leaue
The mouth.
Loth. Is it then decreed, I muſt grow mad?
Bor. I'le be no more flowted, nor bruſ'd, not I
What need my Lord, be beholding to me
For's mirth; when he may laugh at's owne folly?

Beſides though motion and exerciſe
Be good for groſſe bodies; therefore, muſt they
Of the Guard, pitch me vp and downe like a barre?
Loth. Sa, ſa, ſa, A mutinie in Heauen!
Bor. If there be; You are not likely to come
Thither to appeaſe it, firſt end this quarrell
Vpon earth. I haue ſeru'd you this ſixe Moneths,
In hope of an Office; and am no more
An Officer then ſhe that bore me.
Loth. Alas poore foole!
I pitty thee. Thou wilt beleeue nothing
But that which may be ſeene or vnderſtood.
I ſay thou art an Officer. Or if thou art not
Thou ſhalt be; which is better: for that ſame
Which we now enioy is in ſome danger
To be loſt: but that which we neuer had
Cannot be loſt before we haue it.
Bora. O rare concluſion! (Count
Loth. Beſides. Looke heere and then reioyce, Is the
(Whom they call my Riuall ith' *Dukes* fauour)
Is he (I ſay) accoutred like to me?
Why his ſleeues ſit like ſtockins on his Armes.
His Breeches are like two Clokebags, halfe ſowde
Together in the Twiſt: and his other
Garments ſhew like Playſters on him. Follow.
And make thy fortune fat.
Bora. Well. He that ſtill expects, but tires his hope,
What One cannot, another can: t'is ſo
With dayes and houres too. And for my part *Exeunt*
Let the Glaſſe runne our. *Loth. Bor.*
Dorid. His Man's as full of Prouerbs
As a Conſtable: he coyns 'em himſelfe.
Coſ. And ſuch another Heade-peece fill'd with Whay
As is the Maſter heere, the Sunne nere ſaw.
Dorid. He walkes like a Zealand-ſtorke.
Caſt. But ſure the Duke
Enables error in their fancy, by ſome
Behauiour

Behauiour equiualent to what
The Maſter, and the Man expect: for elſe
Folly cannot be ſo ſickely-Eied; but time
Will giue it ſtrength to know it ſelfe.
Dorid. Why ſir; this dignifies the leaſt. They ſcarce
Ere ſaw the Duke: and are leſſe knowne
Vnto the world. His Grace well apprehends,
*The*ſe voluntary miſtakes of Nature,
In preſeruation of their intellects,
Are fitter ſubiects for accidentall mirth,
Then a Comicall continuance. It is
A leuitie too humble in a Prince
To heede ſuch trifles.
Coſ. Nay — Prethee lead the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter FORESTE *and* LVINNA.

FORES. I cannot tell, why thou (my Girle) ſhould'ſt (ioy
In my aduancement thus. Honour, and place
Bring ſullen thoughts with them: buſineſſe of ſuch
A ragged qualitie, as takes away
The amorous garbe: thoſe ſoft wanton touches,
Wherewith the youthfull flatterer betrayes
The weaker ſide to action: whoſe effects
More weakeneſſe brings. I ſhall no leaſure haue
To comfort thee with ſmiles: when t'is aſsign'd
That I muſt venture for a Boy: t'will be
In haſte. My buſineſſe will not ſuffer me
To ſtay, and make a prologue to the acte,
To kiſſe, or ſimper inuitation.
Luin. It is not fit I apprehend you now.
But I wiſh that you would know; My duty
Is ſo well preſeru'd from all corruption:

Which

Which either youth: or fowle example might
Produce: that it implores for ſufferance,
To certefie the world how ſtrong it is.
Foreſt. I was aſſur'd before. This is the time,
In which I ſhall oblige poſteritie
Or fall (my wench) by flattering error.
Haſt thou to my ſiſter counſaile giuen?
Inſtructions ſafe! whereby her actions
May warrant her promotion well deſeru'd.
Luin, It was my tongues laſt imployment.
Foreſ. I would haue her weare her growing fortunes,
In a handſome faſhion: Doe but obſerue
The vnpoliſh'd garbe of Citty dames: of thoſe
Whom fathers purſe-ſtrings hoyſe vp to honor.
How they doe ſucke their Chinnes into their Neckes.
Simper with vnskilfull leuetie: and trip
On their wanton Toes, like Kibe-heel'd-Fayries.
The Deuils damme ſhewes like a veſtall Nunne
To them: more powerfull in humilitie.
Inſtruct my Siſter, gentle wife. —— *Enter Lucio.*
Lucio I ſhall be earneſt to my vtmoſt skill.
Foreſ. My Lord is come, where's my *Siſter*
Lucin. VVith the Florentine: who inſtructeth her in
Lucio. Signior *Foreſte,* (muſicke. *Exit.*
You ſee my loue is rude, and bolde. I am
The vſher to my owne entrance.
Foreſ. My good Lord, The prouerbe will perſwade you:
To be bold, with whats your owne.
Your title's ſtrong, both to the houſe, and me.
Lucio. I am in debt for both. wilt thou not chide
To ſee my heart aſſume this libertie *Muſick.*
Vpon my Tongue: before it rightly knowes
Thy ſiſters heart:
The Duke conſent, as yet vnasked too: hearke?
Foreſ. Ceaſe that noyſe, tis troubleſome: *ceaſe Muſi.*
Lucio. How *Foreſte?* Haſt thou eares? and wilt thou
Hence ſuch hopefull harmony, or is

Thy

Thy thrift vnnaturall, wilt thou forbid
Thy friend to ſhare in what is good, ſweet tongue
And hand, perſiſt in what your kindneſſe profferd.
Foreſ. Obey him, if the muſick not deſerue
Your ſtrict attention: You muſt blame your ſelfe. *Song.*
Lucio. Shew me the way *Foreſte:*
Foreſ. Whither ſir?
Lucio. My heart is ſtolne out of my eare; let me
But know the thiefe, and Ile forgiue the robbery.
Speake; who iſt that, with a voyce ſo amorous
And ſhrill, confounds the others hollow organ?
Still ſo reſeru'd, and vnto me. *Enter Corſa.*
Foreſ. Why then looke there, the voyce was hers, goe ſir
And take what elſe you would enforce from my poſſeſsion.
Lucio. Is this that child of *Orpheus*? how? kneele to me?
Foreſ. Stay Sir — If ſhe conſent but to abuſe
The propertie of motion in ſuch kinde
As may exalt her perſon but on ſuch
Aboue this height: I am her enemy
For euermore. Conſider what you doe.
She brings no portion but humilitie,
If her firſt payment faile: who dares aſſure
The future debt? Pray looke into her lappe:
You'le finde ſhe comes not from the Eaſt enrich'd
With Diamonds, bright wealth: whoſe wanton worth
Vnskilfull fancy priſes not from vſe
But from the idolatrous doting of the eie.
Her chaſte obedience is all her dowrie.
O bitter ſpeech! it cuts my very ſoule
To thinke that fortune ſhould create vs two
Meere patterns of your charitie.
Lucio. Dare you authorize this Idolatry?
Then I'le kneele too.
Foreſt. And I,
Will ioyne to make th'offence ſeeme virtuous.
Now enterchange your ſoules. Where paſsion is
So fond, it cannot well be counterfeit.

Each vnbuſied Angel, heare me ſpeake!
O ſend, ſend downe vnto this youthfull paire
Celeſtiall heate. Such ſerious loue as makes
A buſineſſe of delight; Inſtruct her ſoule
To practiſe duty in the humble ſtraine.
And furniſh him with an acceptance prompt.
Make her fruitfull as the Vine; which growes
Crooked with the weight of its owne encreaſe.
So bleſſed in their Iſſue, that when time
Shall thinke them fit to taſte the priuiledge
Of Death: they ſhall not need a Monument
Yet dwell as chiefe i'th' memory of Fame.
Corſa. Amen, Amen.
Lucio. Such is my prayer too. O *Foreſte!*
Exceſsiue ioy diſturbs my vtterance.
My words are parted on my tongue, O ſpeake!
Thou know'ſt my heart! Tell her, there may lie hope,
I ſhall deſerue thoſe Teares that ſhew like deaw
Vpon the Morning cheeke. Intreat her, that
My yeeres may not diſgrace my loue. Though I
Am young, I cannot counterfeit,
I euer ſpeake my thoughts. I am o'recome.
Corſa. Alas ſir, ſo am I, There needs no Art,
To helpe beliefe, where no ſuſpition is.
Foreſ. Now; I'le leaue you to your ſelues. *Exit Foreſ.*
Corſa. I'ue much to promiſe in my owne behalfe:
Of my future loue, and humble duty
To you my deereſt Lord. Time layes his hand
On Pyramides of Braſſe, and ruines quite
What all the fond Artificers did thinke
Immortall workemanſhip. He ſends his wormes
To Bookes, to old Records: and they deuoure
Th'inſcription. He loues Ingratitude,
For he deſtroy'd the memory of Man:
But I ſhall neere forget on what ſtrange termes
You take me to your bed.
Lucio. Excellent wretch! I am vndone with ioy

I will

I will not blame the Coward to feare death,
Since the world containes ſuch ioy as this.
Why doe you weepe Lady? can you ſuppoſe
Foreſte would conſent to what is done,
Vnleſſe he knew there were no danger in't?
Sure his Mother was a Sibyll; he ſees
With a prophetique aime; the end of his
Deſignes; before they come to action.
He is too wiſe to erre. Why weepe you then?
Corſa. It is a folly in my Eies.
I know not why they weepe: vnleſſe they weepe
Becauſe they now haue loſt their libertie;
Heeretofore each man, which chance preſented,
Was to them a lawfull obiect: but now,
They are to looke on none but you.
Lucio. Marke then the bondage I impoſe on mine,
My poore eies haue no obiect, but your face:
Of which I will depriue them thus — *Couers her face*
Shroude thee in thy veſtall ornaments. *with her white*
Creepe, creepe, my glorious Sunne, behind a cloud. *Vaile.*
For els my eies, will ſurfeit with delight.
I neuer felt true ioy till now. Me thinks
A briske alacritie, a nimble fire,
Conuayes me ſtrangely from my fleſh.
Not the Cannons, Iron-entraile, when wrapp'd
Within a ſwarthy caſe of troubled Aire,
Could equall me in emphaſis of Motion.
Corſa Though Modeſty would ſuffer me to boaſt,
Yet t'were not in the power of breath, to make
My ioy ſo knowne, as it is felt.
Lucio. Come then (my deare *Corſa*) the Prieſt attends
Within; the world wants Men; and Hymen is
A nimble God. When all is paſt preuention
The Duke ſhall know my choice. *Exit.*

Enter Dorido: *and* Coſimo:

Dorid. This diſgrace, makes thy Couſen boyle his heart
In his owne blood.

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Cos. He hath writ a moſt peſtilent Libell
Which muſt be ſung all about the city,
By one he calls his Daw; A tall, bigg, fellow.
Dor. I know him. He ſings like *Phalaris Bull.*
Cos. I ſuppoſd at firſt, he would haue ſent him
A Challenge.
Dor. But that's contingent now: *Foreſte*
Being made Secretary of State.
Cos. I'haue heard o'th' new edict, which inſtitutes
A miſterious toy, i'th' Hatband, for thoſe
Of the faction.
Dor. Why about two dayes ſince: one of the ſect
Sent me a Challenge. Becauſe my ſiſter
Drunke his Lords health, with her Quoife on. Eachhoure
Theſe giddy Participles doe imbarque
Themſelues for Duels. The one is a kinne
To my honorable Lady. Th'other
To my very good Lord. *Enter Caſtruchio.*
Cos. There comes my Couſen, chawing his leane heart.
Dor. Good morrow to the Court Satyriſt.
Caſt. The world is altred *Dorido, Foreſte*
Is ſtepp'd beyond my reach: we cannot meete
In Duell: The Heralds ſtand betweene.
But my fine Thruſh, can ſing you a new Lybell.
Dor. We ſhall haue your Thruſh, in a Cage ſhortly.
Remember, who you deale withall.
Caſt. Hang him, dull, open ſlaue, His thoughts may be
Diſcernd, through the ſhauing of a deale board.
I'le ſift and winnow him, in an old hat.
Dor. Prethee (ſweete *Caſtruchio*) leaue thy barkeing.
'Twill be treaſon ſhortly for any man,
To carry eares, within three miles of thy Tongue.
Caſt. Why *Signior*, what Faction are you of:
Dor. Not of your faction (Sir) if none returne
Vnto the priſon for your libelling.
You remember your Vices-ſtrip'd, and whip'd.
Your trimme Eclogues, the fulſome Satyr too,

Written to his Grace. Wherein you flatter,
Whine, and damne your ſelfe to get a pardon
For what ſeemes there a reſolute offence.
Satyrs, are more vſefull, now then euer.
Nor grieues it me to ſee the humour vs'd,
But thus abus'd. To ſee a Bard ſtill reach
At holy Bayes. Paſsion o'me! I'le tell thee.
Thy Rimes include not ſo much Braines, as would
Suffice to fill a Cherry-ſtone.
Caſt. Yo'ld faine make me angry.
Dor. I, with thy ſelfe.
Cos. And then thou ſpend'ſt thy Gall, with more iuſtice,
Then when, thou rayl'ſt againſt *Foreſte.*
Caſt. Cry you mercy (precious Cox) Hath *Foreſte,*
So great a ſhare in your tongue too? Sympathy
Is corupted: Behold ſociety
Amongſt the wicked: whilſt a vertuous man,
Is left alone to reſiſt his bad fate.
Let him chide the fulſome Age, raile againſt
The Times, aloude; though in a Vault: or'tweene
Two Hills. He ſhall find no zealous ecchoe,
To ſecond his bold Language. When I dye,
I dye a Martyr to the Common-weale.

Enter Lothario *and* Borachio.

Loth. Dull Caytife, leaue theſe abortiue Prouects,
And talke in the neweſt faſhion. I'le haue
My very Dogge barke i'th' Courtly garbe.
Dor. Steppe aſide. They are as mad as thy Couſen.
Loth. The excrements and meere defects of nature,
ſhall be reduc'd to Ornaments in me.
I'le feed vpon the tongues of Nightingales,
For ſo each fart I let, will be a Song —
Caſt. For the Peripateticks being Butchers
Heere in Sienna: —
Loth. A Pallas hewne in an intire Carbuncle.
Encircled with a Mote that flowes with Lhaſis —

Caſt. Deriu'd their Augury from the warme Entrailes
Of a Calfe.
Bor. Sir. Theſe are ſome of thoſe, that laugh'd at yee
In the preſence.
Loth. At me? thou lyeſt. They laugh'd at thee.
Bora. Why then the Deuill, will ne're giue a Man
Leaſure, to beleeue a trueth.
Caſt. Seignior *Lothario*, the great Minion
To our Duke: I greet your health, with all ioy.
Coſ. And I with all humility.
Dorid. And I with all celerity.
Loth. Hearke! thou dull Sinner. Is this reall? hah!
Bora. Sir, let him, that hath a heart of his owne
Thinke what he liſt.
Loth. Doe they adore, or floute me now?
Bora. All is witchcraft. know when the Moone winks
There's ſomething in't, beſides an eclips.
Loth. Miſcreant: What ſuſpitious follys
Doſt thou creat within that Wodden-skull?
And with what Heathen-phraſe vtter'd? Know Dogg,
If I imploy my wrath —
Bora. Allas ſir I'ue more faults then misbeliefe.
Therefore giue me your bleſſing, and let me
Goe home in peace. T'is true, when the skie falls
We ſhall haue Larkes. But let weaker ſtomachs,
Expect ſuch curious meate. I can eate
Oates, and Garlick, vnder my owne Roofe.
Dorid. How? will *Borachio* leaue the Court?
Caſt. What accident of dire portent is fallne?
Loth. Gentlemen applaude my patience: Becauſe,
He cannot furniſh me with wholeſome Sutes,
He doubts my power to get 'em granted.
Caſt. Why we, will furniſh him with Sutes.
Bora. But wont yee floute, and play the knaue with one?
Caſt. How (Knaue!) was that the word?
Bora. Interpret the word, as your ſelfe ſhall pleaſe.
I ſcorne to be your Dictionary.

Marry

Marry come vp: Are your eares ſo tender?
I hope I'm a Man, although a ſinner.
Caſt. Vſe no choller Amorous childe. But if
Thou wanteſt ſutes, thy Lord being neere the Duke,
May furniſh thee with ——
Coſ. Or me thinks thou would'ſt become a knighthood
Get him to begg it for thee.
Bora. No, no, Hot words make but warme aire, A figg
For a Knight-errant; that hath a ſtile, and nere a hedge.
Dorid. Then get a Patent to ſuruay Brine-pits.
Or elſe for caſting Ordinance in Lome.
Caſt. Or elſe ſearch *Saint Peters* patrimony,
Lay Prebendrys are good, and Symony
Is an old Paradox.
Bora. Holde, holde
Enough ſufficeth all women but whores.
He that expects the Morning lengthens the Night
Therefore ſtraitway let my Lord get the Duke
To ſigne theſe Patents: which done
I'le returne to the wife of my bowels,
And dye for ioy.
Caſt. Why this, is fit, and requiſite.
Coſ. If Signior *Lothario* doe conſent.
Loth. It is decreed.
Bora. Who would haſten Time, when we may be old
Too ſoone. Let me take downe a Cuſhion, and pray.
For I ſhall haue more dignitie then will ſuffice
To damne a Monke.
Caſt. Who could periſh in a better cauſe?
Bora. Why, can I helpe it? If a man be borne
To Offices. Or as my Maſter ſayd,
Predeſtinate in the wombe of greatneſſe.
Tis not our faults. Each man obayes his Starre,
In ſpight of his Teeth,
Dor. All this is Alcaron.
Bora. One thing grieues me. I'ue a badd memory
Already, and now t'will be made worſe.

Caſt.

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Caſt. How can preferment hurt thy memory?
Bora. O Sir! preferment makes a man forget
His deereſt friends; nay his kindred too. (Aire.
Coſ. Looke, Thy Maſter's building more Caſtles, in the
Caſt. He has intelligence from Spaine, and fortefies,
To no purpoſe gainſt the next Spring.
Loth. All offices ſhall be ſold i'th' darke ——
Bora. How! Grow not old in anothers garment,
Sell what's your owne, Some of thoſe offices
Are mine by promiſe.
Loth. Still, croſſe to my deſignes. Ile ſtretch your Sinws-
Dor. Hold! Signior *Lotharie*, hold! Mercy
Becomes the powerfull,
Bora. Let the Deuill take the Knighthood, and make
His Damme a Lady. I'le not be his Aſſe, *Exit Bor. Loth.*
That ſeru'd for blowes, and Prouander. *running after him.*
Dor. Lets relieue *Borachio*, or all our Comick Scenes
Are at an end. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Chaire out.

Enter Duke *and* Foreſte.

Duke. *Foreſte.*
Foreſ. My gracious Lord.
Duke. Are yet our Letters to his Holineſſe
Diſpatch'd?
Foreſ. They are ſo pleaſe your Grace.
Duke. Did the French-Embaſſador make ſome ſhew
Of diſcontent at his departure hence?
Foreſ. Both in his words and lookes: for when he heard
Th'Engliſh-Leiger had oppos'd his Treaty
Concerning traffique with the Florentine,
His anger ſtraight diſmiſſed the Argument,
And ſeiz'd vpon the Nation, nay rayl'd
Againſt the Leiger too, whoſe oppoſition,
Might be chidden as too nice a Virtue,
But could not be accuſed as a vice,
Tis

Tis knowne indeed the French doe take a pride,
In the emphaſis of ſudden anger,
As if a lacritie in ill did make,
The fault looke handſomely, and dulneſſe adde
Deformitie to ſinne.
Duke. Tis faithfully obſeru'd.
Foreſ. Swell'd with vncharitable pride: ſuch as
Admits no ſtile of Neighbour; as it growne
Aboue the vſe of friendſhippe. They ſeeme to call
Thoſe mighty Ilanders neereſt their ſoyle,
Poore borderers to their Continent. Such,
Whoſe thinne numbers, haue in bloudy battaile,
Made their multitudes their impediments,
Worne their Enſignes, inſtead of gaudy Skarfes.
Duke. The chance of war,
Admitteth many times of Miracles,
Euen ſuch, as doe diſcredit Hiſtory,
High-prouidence confers the conqueſt there,
Where probability conferd the loſſe.
And this is done, that we may attribute
The prayſe to him that gaue the victory,
Not to them that got it. Obſerue beſides,
That when the weake doe ouercome: the ſtrong,
Doe leaue that ſtaine, for their Poſteritie
To wipe away: which is already done;
The French, haue fiery nimble ſpirits.
Foreſ. Your Grace deales iuſtly in your praiſe. They
Spirits: but they all are vſeleſſe made, (haue
By forward and affectate violence.
He that ſpends his fury, and his ſtrength
I'th' firſt charge, muſt not hope to make's retreate,
So nobly, as the modeſt Combatant,
Whoſe onſet ſlowly mooues: as carefull not
T'outride his skill. Their vallour is t'attempt,
Not to performe. T'is a giddy Nation;
And neuer ſerious but in trifles.
Duke. Thou doeſt miſtake in naturall effects,

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Where Fancy is so rich, t'is incident
To some mis-expence. These witty ryots
Divulge the wealth o'th' Braine. Fruite that is ripe
Is prone to fall, or to corrupt it selfe.
According to the age of Monarchies
They now are fully ripe: they reach
The height, and top of morall faculties.
Nature in them doth stand vpon the verge
Of her owne youth. The English want
Three hundred yeeres of that perfection.
And as the Moone ner'e changes but i'th' full
Euen so the mighty Nations of the Earth,
Change in their greatest glory. First their strict
And rugged discipline, to vaine delights.
Their solemne Marches next to wanton Iigs.
Their Battailes fierce to Duells spleenatiue, *enter Lucio.*
Or witty quarrels of the Pen. *kneeles.*
Luc. Heere may my knees take root: whilst I doe grow
A liuing Statue of true obedience,
Or let my royall Master grant his pardon.
Duke. Sure we may trust, the iudgement of our eies,
Thou dost not looke as if thou could'st commit
A sinne so horrid, so vgly as can fright
Our mercy from vs. Rise, we pardon thee.
Now let vs know thy crime.
Lucio. It is no crime
Vnlesse against that great prerogatiue
Youre eare hath ouerrune. Perhaps my Heart,
Hath made escape through these fonde Eies. And I
(I'th' rash discretion of my youthfull blood)
Confin'd my selfe in Matrimoniall bonds.
Duke. Hah! maried? speake suddenly, to whom?
Foresi. To my Sister. Sir pardon the permission, *Foresie*
Or frowne, and leaue your creature more obscure *kneeles.*
Then when you own'd him first. Now is the time
To shew your charity Diuine: Preserue
What you haue made,

Duke. Foresie this is ill.
What, confederate with vngouern'd youth?
But rise, we pardon you. Where's the Lady? *Enter Corsa.*
Rare beauty! ——
You haue our pardon, and our fauour too.
I thus inuite more knowledge of your worth.
Beleeue me Lady: you haue a feature
That would betray a more experienc'd Eie
Then *Lucio's* is. Excellent wretch! with a
Timerous modesty, she stifleth vp
Her vtterance. O such a pregnant Eye!
And yet so slow of speech; is a wonder
More delightfull, then any Nature makes.
Hast thou *Lucio*, so much vnhappy witt,
As to be iealous yet? wilt thou suppose
Thy selfe secure in our discourse?
Lucio Heauen forbid, your Grace should er'e imploy
Your time so ill as to discourse with her
'Till I grew jealous.
Duke. Come hither Lady, come, confesse, how chance
You haue bewitch'd my Boy with subtill smiles,
With wanton hauiour of those pretty Eies?
Doth Heauen bestow such Noble ornaments,
To be abus'd in the vse: and now
He is your Prisoner too, in cheerefull bonds,
How can you haue the heart to make such spoile,
And hauock of his beauty? hah! speake Lady!
Corsa. I hope your Grace hath thoughts more mercifull.
I know this match was made in Heauen; and not
Prouok'd by any sinfull art in me.
How I haue v'd him in this little time
That he hath bin my Lord: let him declare.
My duty is so strict, I need not blush
To heare the story told.
Duke No! looke, looke there. His Eies for very shame
Their luster's lost are crep't into his head:
Encircled with the weakely cullor blew.

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The Roſes in his Cheekes are withered quite
His cleere and briske aſpect is muddy now
And dull: His voyce (that was ſo ſhrill; and could
Euen Trumpet-like, outſcolde the Ecchoe)
Is hollow growne, and horce. Haue you then vs'd him well?
Corſa. Alas (moſt gracious ſir) goe not about
To make my Lord ſuſpect my Loyalty.
If Nature ſickne in his faculties;
Which (heauen be thanked) I perceiued not yet,
It cannot prooue a guiltineſſe in me.
Duke. Beleeu't (young wife) I am no Proſelyte.
I ſtill auerr, you are that greedy Nimph,
That hath deuour'd the rich complexion of my Boy.
See how his feature's ſhrunke? his beauty ſtain'd?
The Scythian Dame (whoſe cruelty is ſuch,
Whoſe luſt ſo prodigall, that ſhe doth ſtriue
To kill the able Lecher in the act;
Making her wombe his Sepulchre) would yet
Haue ſpard that wanton handſomeneſſe; to ſhew
As patterne of her Lenitie.
Corſa. I hope, your Grace will pardon Ignorance,
That ſo ill mannerd is, as not to know
Your meaning.
Duke. No matter Lady.
My accuſation ſhall withdraw it ſelfe.
Pretty innocence! *Lucio*, prepare.
Tis our will to make thy Wife a Courtier;
She ſhall be high in fauour; if ſhe'll leaue
Her modeſty; that's out of faſhion now:
In Neighbor Courts, the Ladys ſo preuaile
With maſculine behauiour: they grow
In factions able to depoſe their Husbands
From the charter of their Sex.
Foreſ. T'is ſtrange that his diſlike is fled ſo ſoone.
Duke. Your Mariage we will ſolemnize with maſques,
And Reuels. If Inuention euer meane,
To get reward for ſubtiltie; tis now.

We take notice (*Lucia*) She is thy wife,
And thy ſiſter our *Foreſte.*
Foreſ. Lucio. We your Graces humbleſt Creatures.
Foreſ. Affection is become a Paraſite;
Striues to pleaſe, whom it cannot benifit.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter, DORIDO, COSIMO, CASTRVCHIO.

DORIDO, Knowne, by whom: by Citty witts!
Coſ. Or my Ladys workemen.
Dor. Who ne're ſaw verſe, but what their Sutors writ,
Which they read like Proſe too.
Caſt. I'le not diſcredit my patience, talke on.
Dor. They ſay you are particular with a
Great Lady.
Coſ. Yes, and her Penſioner.
Dor. Some looſe thing (belike) yet will be at charge,
To ſecure her fame from noyſe. For thou pray'ſt
Againſt all lechery but thine owne.
Coſ. And ſhe hath wiſh'd in witty-penitence,
Thou had'ſt beene ſingle in the world.
Dor. I, for then ſhe had liu'd chaſte. He growes angry,
His eies looke red.
Caſt. No Sir. They bluſh to ſee a Foole.
Dor. T'were fit they would imploy their modeſty
At home. For thou art a foole in print.
Coſ. Yet had he liu'd, when the old Sybill,
Preſented her diuine Manuſcripts, to
The dull Romane; he would haue ſcolded with her,
Vnleſſe his Pamphlets had attain'd the firſt
Acceptance.

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Dor. True, for euery Poet thinks himselfe
The best Poet in the world.
Cos. And that Satyr not the worst; wherin
He chides Women, for wearing their Halfe-Ruffes,
Which pinn'd behind trains festinates the face,
Or makes 'em looke, like *Ianus* with two faces.
Dorid. A iust exception: for going hastily
To kisse his whore; he could not find her Mouth.
Cos. Why sure her breath was strong enough
To direct him to it.
Cast. Yet I haue heard nothing, but what deserues
More pitty, then anger.
Dorid. Now when he hath prouided some high toy
For the Presse; he thinks on dedication,
Strait chooseth one of the faction; who must
Not Patronize, but buy what he makes vendable,
With praise in the Epistle.
Cos. Can you deny this Cousen Satyrist?
Dorid And nothing makes Learning so cheape; but that
Euery writer sells his works. *Exit Castruchio.*
Cos. Nay let's follow; and worry him to peeces. *they after him.*

Enter Lucio, *and* Foreste.

Lucio, Foreste: Our ruine is contriu'd aboue.
If our Master prooue vnkin'd, the Planets
Gouerne ill: For our gratitude, and care,
Deserues more constancy.
Foreste Lookes he so strangely on yee?
Lucio. As if the obiect were but new to him:
And his owne heart vnsetled in his breast.
Foref. Is his violence so soone tir'd? surely
The Register of your owne deeds. Speake Sir,
Haue you so engrost his eares, as if their
Organ, were yours, not his. Confin'd 'em to
Your owne tongue: and so depriu'd the sorrowfull,
The grieu'd in heart, of an easie audience?

Lucio.

Lucio. Neuer.
Foreft. Since you haue shar'd the Dukes prerogatiue,
And by his loue, held opposition,
At such great aduantage, did you e're slight
With cheape regard, those of high, and Noble birth?
Lucio. My soule abhorrs such tyranny.
Foref. Haue those who weare th'Eternalls Liuery
Bought their wages of ye? Or haue they found
Bold, and skilfull flattery, more helps
Aduancement; then deepe and modest Learning?
Lucio. Neuer, since my distinction was of power,
To helpe its choyce.
Foreft. In nice triall, or euidence of Law,
Hath Custome (which only giues vs hope
Of certainty in Iustice) bin traduc'd
By your obscure helpe?
Lucio. Neuer.
Foref. Hath the desolate Widdow scar'd mercy
From your eies, with her old ruin'd beauty,
(For griefe was neuer amorous) or hath
The torne Begger too soone dismissed your charitie
Because not gidd, enough to delight
Wantonesse.
Lucio. Neuer.
Foref. Then if our great Master withdraw his loue;
The weight of sufferance cannot bruise ye;
For the whole world will share i'th' burden.

Enter a young Gentleman with a Letter.

Lucio. From whom is this sir?
Gent. From my Lord Marquise *de Loretta.*
Lucio. I humbly kisse his hand.
Gent. Now luck flatter me but once, and I am made—
Tis short, pray heauen it be sweete, or I'le neere loue
The Prouerb.
Lucio. Sir, haue you euer bin in seruice;
Vnder any eminent Commander?
Gent. Neuer yet.

Lucio.

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Lucio. Reade these *Foreſts.*
How Reputation leſſens in eſteeme.
Courteſie growes ſo cheape, that deniall,
Seemes leſſe troubleſome then conſent.
And performance is only Lazy
The labor of ſubſcription hinders more,
Then thought of that, to which it doth ſubſcribe.
This Letter would faine make you a Captaine
In the new Troupes, ſent to the Valtaline.
But ſure your modeſty will teach you baulke
The graunt, though I ſhould beg ye to receau't.
Foreſ. Sir. Shall the grey head, the old Souldier,
That tries misfortune by his conſtancy
In ſufferance; affronts the winters rage;
Whilſt his blood is frozen into Corrall,
His ſinnes into Wyer: whoſe Vallor thinkes
To weare Chain'd ſhot, as bracelets on his Loynes.
Shall his preferment be intercepted?
Shall he now traile a Pike vnder a Boy,
Whoſe experience is younger then his face?
Lucio. No, the friendſhip of the noble Marquiſſe
Shall neuer countenance vniuſt deeds.
Finde a Sute more capable of my grant,
And your acceptance, it is your owne. *Chaire at the Arras.*
Gent. Noble Signior, I'le put ye to the teſt.
Foreſ. Princes letters are cheaper far then thoſe
Which Scriueners put to ſale. If ſuch Pigmyes,
Apes in doublets, procure command o'th' Campe,
Let the Cranes wage war agen. No oppoſition
Is too weake to ruinate. — Goe young Lord,
The Duke is ill accompany'd, if only
With his owne thoughts. Diſcouer more. Perhaps
His diſcontent concerns not you.
Lucio. I feare, yet my hopes would faine comfort me,
Farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter.

Enter Luinna, *and* Duarte.

Luin. I would not be vnmannerly, but if
She be at leaſure, tell her, I am heere.
Dua. Pleaſe your Ladyſhip to ſit, Il'e tell her ſo. *enter Corſa.*
She's come already.
Corſa. I ſaw your entrance. How doe you Siſter?
Luin. I humbly thanke your honor, I am well,
Pray diſmiſſe your woman: I would impart
A priuacy. (bring
Corſa. Watch my Lords comming from the *Duke*, and
Me word, before he is vncoach'd.
Dua. I ſhall. *Exit Duarte.*
Luin. O Madam Time is now growne old, and runnes
But ſlowly, I thought each Hower, a yeere,
Vntill I ſaw your Ladyſhip.
Cor. Why what's the matter? I hope my brother's well.
Luin. Yes, I thanke heauen. But pray come hither.
Who doe you ſuppoſe was with me laſt night,
When my husband was at Court?
Corſa. How ſhould I tell, without you inſtruct me.
Luin. Why giue a gueſſe.
Corſa. The Lady *Benuolia*, or the Lady
Vtruvia, who was it?
Luin. Nay t'was a Man too.
Corſa. That's fine i'faith. pray name him to me.
Luin. What thinke you of the beſt man in Sienna?
Corſa. How! was the *Duke* with ye?
Luin. Yes, diſguis'd too: he either came, (or elſe
Pretended ſo) to meete your husband there.
After ſome talke, (in which he did expreſſe
His loue to all our family) he gaue
An ample praiſe of you: and ſayd he ſaw
Already ſo much worth in your faire breaſt
As will adde a knot to your Lords Heart,
And his owne: nay and make his conſtant loue

A patterne for euery royall Maſter.
Corſa. Indeed, I dayly pray to haue it ſo.
Luin. Then he gaue me this ſame Iewell; to you!
He recommended the receipt of this.
Corſa. Truſt me wench, they are both full of glory
Rarely cut, and ſet.
Luin. Your's is the better of the twaine,
Corſa. It is.
But truely I miſlike the manner of
The gift. Doſt thou thinke his thoughts are honorable?
I prethee tell me?
Luin. Th'are ſuch as I ſuſpected at the firſt,
Such as made me to refuſe theſe Iewels.
He ſwore I was a Traytor, if I thought
He meant amiſſe. Or if I did deny
To beare this ſame to you, I did but ill
Requite his kind requeſt vnto my husband.
Then in the cloſe he vſd ſuch Art, ſuch ſubtill phraſe,
To free his thoughts from the ſtrict iealouſie
Of mine; as reconcil'd me to obey his will,
You know beſides how harſh it is to chide
With Maieſtie, or flight Princes fauors.
Corſa. I'le ſhew it to my Lord.
Luin. I had thought t'haue ſhewne my husband mine too
But ſince t'is capable of curious
Queſtioning, I meane to ſtay awhile. (at once.
Corſa. Thou counſayl'ſt well. Wee'll weare 'em both
Mine is the beſt, I e're was Miſtreſſe of. *Enter Duarte.*
Luin. And mine is not eclipſed much by yours.
Dua. Madam, my Lord is neere at hand.
Corſa. Come Siſter, we ſhall heere the newes at Court.
Luin. I'le waite vpon your Ladyſhip.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Caſtruchio, Lothario, Borachio. III, iv

Caſt. Sir Knight, beleeu't *Foreſto* is the Man;
That duls your reputation with the Duke,

And

And ſubbornes the Count againſt ye.
Loth. Dares he controle my purpoſes?
Caſt. Aske honeſt *Borachio* elſe.
Bora. Nay He'le not beleeue me though I ſhould ſweare
You flout him behind his backe: and when a man
Sees things plainely; he neede not buy ſpectacles,
Till he grow old.
Loth. I'le mince the Villaine into ſand, to fill
My Howerglaſſe —
Caſt. In this Garden he walkes continually
After dinner. Heere ſtay, and expect him.
And Signior in this skin of parchment; marke
What paines I take, to prefect your reuenge.
I'th' ſhape of a tree (which takes roote in Hell)
You ſhall diſcouer all his baſe diſcent.
On that branch appeares a Hangman. Then,
A Iakes-man, then, a Tynker. On's Mothers ſide
A Bawde profeſs'd. then, a Tybb. then, a Trypewife.
A Synagogue of Welſh Rabbys; could not
Expreſſe more skill in Genealogies,
Then this includes. Sir, ſhew it him, and he
Inſaniates ſtrait.
Loth. I'le make him weare it on his forehead.
Caſt. Excellent rage! but not a word of me.
I humbly take my leaue. *exit Caſtruchio.*
Loth Not the foure winds (met in March) ſhall coole my (ſpleene
Bora. Sir, now we are priuat, tis a fit time (blood--
To be troubleſome —
Loth. I'le cram Cerberus, with ſopps made of the ſlaues
Bora. Concerning thoſe Offices. I'ue thought on 'em,
And will haue 'em all in ſpight of *Boltens* teeth. *ent. For.*
Foreſ. Signior *Lotharie!* *Borachio* too.
Thou art an honeſt fellow.
Bora. I, your worſhip is wiſe, to ſpeake no more,
Then what you may well ſtand too.
Loth. Baſe ſtemme, deriu'd from Iſope roote,
Our Anceſtors were not ſo familliar.

 Behold,

Behold, & grow more mannerly. *shewes him a Parchment.*
Foref. Whats heere? My Pedigree? Some sawcy knaue
Hath counsell'd him, to this affront. What he, *Enter*
I must know th'originall projector. *seruants.*
Lay hold vpon those fooles.
Loth. Lay hold on me?
Take off your hands; or I will tosse ye all
Into the cloudes, and kicke the Mountaines after ye.
Bora. I pray bid the Gentleman take good heede;
For my Master, can doe all this, and more too
I haue seene him.
Ser. Be you quiet. You that desire Offices.
Bora. If I doe, what then? there be those desire
Worse things.
Loth. Know ye not Rogues, that I can muzle vp
The testie Vnicorne, in a Spinners threed?
Foref. Lay all hold on him.
Bora. He that cannot runne for his Liberty
Hath no courage in his Heeles. Let the Goute
Take him, that hath Leggs, and w'ont vse'em *he runs away.*
Foref. No matter, let him goe. Conuey that foole,
Vnto the Porters Lodge.
Loth. A Chaos shall succeed this same. *Exeunt ser-*
uants with Lotharie.

Enter Lucio.

Foreste. Whither so fast (sweete Lord!)
Lucio. *Foreste*, I haue tane my leaue o'th' *Duke*.
Foref. Must ye away to night.
Lucio. Now, presently. My followers attend
At doore. I onely came to kisse thy hands.
Foref. The Sunne will faile yee, ere ye reach *Lucca*.
Lucio. I must through. His grace will haue it so.
Why dost thou make thy head, to shake and reele,
Vpon thy shoulders thus. Is it o'recome
With thoughts, and such as must be hid from me?
Foref. Take heede, suspition is the Fauorite

Of Time, and Nature it takes a sudden growth:
And gathers in the breast, like Balls of snow,
In snow; vntill the weight make it deny
To be remoou'd: then melts at leasure too.
Lucio. He's too moderate, that will at my yeeres,
Be satisfied thus.
Foref. Why then consider thus. You goe to *Lucca*,
There to congratulate the late aproach
Of the Popes Legate; He hath bin there a weeke;
And why he was not visited ere this
Or why vpon such strict, and short summons.
Your selfe must now be sent; quite puzles me.
Actions rare, and sudden, doe commonly
Proceed from fierce necessitie: or else
From some oblique designe: which is asham'd,
To shew it selfe i'th' publique Rode.
Lucio. *Foreste* is this all?
Foreste. Why my sweete Patron: this is enough
Of danger, since none is merited.
Lucio. Yong thoughts encourage me to sufferance.
Each storme is vsher to a gentle calme:
Who toyles with speede, gets soonest home to rest.
The plodding Mule shall sleepe eternally.
Why should the stricken deare bemoane his death:
His obsequies, were full of noble rites:
Acteons Quire, a iolly Requiem gaue:
An i'th' Arrow from the bow did sing his dirge.
Foref. Thus thy yeeres doe riddle griefe away;
Making sorrow swift, because 'tis mortall.
Let me waite, on your Lordship to your horse,
And at your better leasure read this same.
I'le tell ye as we goe, who brought it me.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Duke.

Duke. To wrong my boy, vnkinde, incestuous heate!
Why is Copulation legal; it giues

Authoritie to luſt, for chaſtetie
Would ſoone conclude the World. O virtuous
Preiudice, when error, preuents folly!
Fiendes, Deuils, that doe liue in liquid fire,
Haue conſtitutions not halfe ſo hot,
So riotous as mine. But why this?
The beautious *Corſa* is not yet defil'd.
He that repents e're he commits a fault,
Doth like a thirſty ſinner ſtore his Soule
With mercy, to abſolue that ſinne himſelfe;
Which he may afterwards, more ſecurely
Fall into. Enough this ſoone Initiates. *Enter Caſtruchio.*
The credulous Count her husband, I haue ſent
To Lucca. And to morrow he returnes.
My plots are limmited too ſhort a time
To become Actions. Nor was it skill
To ſend the Iewell by her ſiſter. Marke!
My Soule and braine, are perfect Courtiers growne;
In my declention, and my greateſt want
They leaue me to inſtruct, and helpe my ſelfe.
Caſt. Theſe fancies are not old: the whole Court
Obſerues him ſtrangely altered. But why
Am I ſent for? that I muſt know, by ſafe,
And cautelous inſinuation.
Duke. How ſoone, I'ue profited in diſcipline
Of Hell. I muſt through. What I did meane
Adultery at firſt; will now I feare
Become a Rape.
Caſt. Hah! ſtill vpon that ſtring? I like it well,
T'is muſicall.
Duke. Caſtrucho! art thou come?
Thou haſt bin a Courtier long; but whether
'Twas want of skill in me to chooſe a Man,
Or want of lucke in thee to be my choyce;
Suſpence makes neutrall. But know; my loue
Wastardy, becauſe ſtill voyde of leaſure;

To

To warrant paſsion well beſtowed; by ſafe
(Though tedious) trials. Affection
That is ſlow, is ſure: And now, I weare my heart
Not in mine owne breaſt, but thine.
Caſt. I haue but one life, it is ſome error
In your Grace, thus, t'oblige me to the loſſe
Of more, in your deare ſeruice.
Duke. I am not skil'd in words: But I affect
Thy fury. For thou art the bold Satyr,
That whips *Foreſte*, and the wanton Count,
In thy tart Verſe.
Caſt. My gracious Lord! I ſhall conceiue much griefe,
If my zeale miſtake in accuſation
Of thoſe Men, which th'vncertaine Tongue of Fame
Deliuers to my charge.
Duke. Nay, make not thy confeſsion an excuſe
Rather then a ſtory: For there needs none.
I hate *Foreſte*, and the Count, and would
Deuiſe ſuccinct ways to my reuenge.
Caſt. Heauen forbid! I'de rather farre diſgrace
The skill of my ſubiect; call accuſation
Slander: then that the buſie multitude
Should note inconſtancy in you.
Duke. This is a damn'd Hypocrite. Chamelions
Changes, are not ſo intricate to ſenſe.
Caſtruchio! eaſe me with nimble apprehenſion.
I haue not leaſure, to be modeſt now.
Speake; haſt no acquaintance with any neere
Corſa's perſon; the Counts faire wife?
Caſt. I humbly beg, your Grace would not miſtake
The conditions of my duty.
Duke. I beg of thee not to miſtake the ſenſe
Of my deſignes. My words import my heart,
And both, no danger vnto thee.
Caſt. I hope my skill in ſeruitude, will not
Pronoke my Prince to tempt my honor.

Duke.

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Duke. What prolixe loue is this; Doſt thou indent
With my acceptance, make choyce of ſeruices!
Caſt. Your Grace will giue me leaue; ſince that I know
I not deſerue to ſhare in your high ſecrets,
To doubt my ſafety in knowing this.
Duke. Death! and horror! thy ſuſpitions are too thinne.
Conſider why I ſent the Count to Lucca?
Vpon my life thou art ſecure: therefore
Reply vnto my former queſtion.
Caſt. My gracious Lord, I haue ſome intereſt
In her woman.
Duke. Is *Corſa's* woman knowne to thee?
Caſt. She is. Perhaps —
Duke. Diſcharge thy tongue. May my eares bliſter
If they digeſt words to thy preiudice.
Caſt. Perhaps I knew her, beyond the modeſt ſtraine.
Duke. There's Gold. *Caſtruchio*, ſhew ſome pitty *flings*
On rebellious blood. Be my Harbenger, *him a Bag.*
Billet me this night where ſhe doth lye
And thou art made for euer.
Caſt. Muſt it be this night?
Duke. Strict opportunitie will haue it ſo.
Her Lord returnes with the next Sunne.
Caſt. I cannot ſay her ſelfe ſhall porter be
Vnto your entrance; but her woman ſhall.
Duke. Enough! there's more Gold. Summon vp thy
Thy heart, thy ſoule, to meet in conſultation, (braine
And ſo contriue my peace, Farewell.
Caſt. I will inſtruct your Grace e're long: both when,
And how to make this amorous aſſault.
Duke. My ſelfe and my Exchequer are thine owne.
There needs no Art to worke him into euill;
He is bad enough t'infect the Deuill.
Exeunt ſeuerall wayes.

Actus

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter DORIDO.

DORIDO, Good! they haue left the Garden dore vn-(lock'd
I'le venture in to helpe diſcouery.
Caſtruchio is grac'd with rare imployment:
The *Duke* and he doe heere conſume the Night.
Theſe are houres for Ghoſts, Adulterers
And Theeues. The ſlaue is Haggard. At Supper
Being full of gold: his vaine Appetite
Fed at *Nero's* rate; I was diſcarded
With a frowne: ſhaken like a Burre from's ſleeue.
As if my cloſure heeretofore had bin
Impertinent. Ambition leſſens all
Beneath it ſelfe to nothing: the higher *Enter Caſtru.*
We doe ſtand: ſo much leſſe thoſe men appeare *Duarte.*
Whom we behold below — Hearke! Kinde Fortune
Lend me thy Eares —
Caſt. The night growes aged now. T'were fit the *Duke*
Would haſten his departure. In troth Wench,
Thy ſeruice to him exceeds requitall.
But what; ſhe tooke it willingly!
Dua. No, but ſhe did not.
Caſt. Pox 'o theſe modeſt Lies! I ſay ſhe did,
Duar. In troth you doe abuſe her then; I'm ſure
Her ſhreeks did ſcare my heart vp to my lipps.
Caſt. Then thou couldſt haue Kiſs'd heartely.
Duar. I wonder, it wakened not the whole houſe.
Caſt. Iſt poſsible! what meanes did the *Duke* vſe
To ſtifle vp this noyſe?
Dua. Nay, I know not. But ſince ſhe was no more
Pliant; it doth repent me much, I'ere
Was inſtrument to his other actions.

Caſt. What, repent! I prethee ſweete *Duarte*
Wrong not Diuinitie ſo much: waſte not
A virtue, that would more profit others:
And to ſuppoſe that the Lady was rauiſh'd,
Is an hereſie, which my Soule muſt nere
Be guilty of. Doe not I know Women
Are a kinde of ſoft waxe, that will receaue
Any impreſsion?
Dua. And doe not I know: there is difference
In workemen as in wax. Hard wax (when cold)
Accepts of no impreſsion. By coldneſſe
I inferre chaſtitie: for chaſtitie
Is colde.
Caſt. But thoſe workemen are harder farre
Then that hard waxe. And t'is hardeſt of all
To finde thoſe workemen: vnleſſe by Ruſsia
Where the people freeze, till they ſpit ſnow. Come,
Kiſſe me Chuck. Agen, once more ——
Dor. A precious Satyriſt! This ſurly Dog,
Inueyes 'gainſt lechery in others, 'cauſe
He would engroſſe all Women to himſelfe.
Caſt. Your greateſt Thieues, are commonly begot
When Parents doe their leachery by ſtealth.
Men get Cowards, when frighted in the Act.
And by ſuch vulgar conſequence: 't'is now
A proper time to beget a Pander.
One, that may hereafter doe other men
The ſame office: which we doe the *Duke* now.
Come. Shall we in, and try?
Dua. You preſume much, on an eaſie nature;
And how extrauagant you are abroad;
I am not ſo vnkind to queſtion.
Caſt. Faith Wench: I've ſome intereſt in euery Childe
That plays i'th' ſtreete, The *Dukes* come down. Go, go, *ent.*
Giue your Lady a Cawdle; and let me heare *Duke.*
How ſhe likes her new Bedfellow. I'le meete *Exit Duar.*
His Grace two houres hence: when he hath diſmiſs'd

Thoſe

Thoſe thoughts, which ſtill ſucceed vnlawfull luſt. *Exit*
Dor. O damn'd villany! Is this th'imployment *Caſtru.*
That doth make ye proude? I will haunt ye ſtill,
To ſtrengthen my intelligence. *Exit Dor. after. Caſt.*
Duke. O ſilly, weake euaſion! being darke,
I creepe within my Cloke. T'is modeſty
In ſinne to practiſe euery diſguiſe
To hide it from the World. But Creatures free from guilt
Affect the Sunne, and hate the darke; becauſe
It hides their innocence. O traytour Luſt!
That leades vs with encouragement to fight,
And when we haue diſcharg'd our Vaines for thee,
W'are beſieg'd with thoughts, that more perplex vs
Then the former. For then we did complaine
Of ſtrength; but now of weakeneſſe more.
Away, away. T'is time that I were gone:
The modeſt Morne doth bluſh i'th' Eaſt, as if
Aſham'd to ſee ſo fowle a Rauiſher. *exit Duke.*

Enter Caſtruchio, *and* Dorido.

Dorido. So ſwift of foote! I muſt ouertake ye.
Caſt. How now! the World is wide enough: wherefore
Doſt thou ioſtle me?
Dor. Cry mercy Signior: the day's bleare Eie'd yet,
And my owne haſt made me vnmannerly.
Caſt. Signior *Dorido* is it you? T'is much
To ſee you appeare before the Sunne.
Dor. Faith Signior; the Count being out o' Towne
I thought *Foreſte* would haue more leaſure
To peruſe my new Sute. He's early vp;
Which caus'd my vigilance.
Caſt. Why Signior vſe a meanes more abſolute;
It is true, *Foreſte* does all: but how?
As th'Inſtrument gouern'd i'th' workemans hand.
Inſtruct me with conueniency of time,

 And

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And I will worke the *Duke* in thy behalfe.
Dor. Then Signior, you will oblige my prayers.
Caſt. At ſupper, when you departed from me,
You gaue demonſtrations of diſcontent:
Who knowes, but whilſt the ſoul's imploy'd within;
The body might neglect ſome outward forme,
Which curioſity preferrs to cuſtome.
Cuſtome to abuſe. It was my buſineſſe
Not diſreſpect of you, that did depriue
My complement of vanity. I ſhall
Reioyce when I can ſhew you kindeneſſe.
Dorid. I will be bold to thinke ſo.
Caſt. I'de haue thee build thy Manſion on a Rocke.
Fauorites are ſeru'd in with thoſe Diſhes
The Prince beſt loues. And meate we moſt affect
We ſooneſt ſurfeit on. Inſtruct thy ſoule.
The Count is but a glorious trifle.
And to be factious without benefit—
Well, thinke vpon't. I know a way to get
The Dukes beſt Eare, without *Foreſte's* helpe.
Farewell. *Exit Caſtruchio.*
Dor. The Profit of the day be yours. Theſe tricks
Shall make me weare him in my Eies. The ſlaue
Doth vſher out his breath in ſtate; as if
His honours had out growne his owne knowledge.
Yet but a tame Pander. The beautious *Corſa*
Is rauiſh'd by the Duke. O blacke horror.
Ariſe my ſoule, inſpire my induſtry
With noble purpoſe. Something I'le doe
That ſhall proclaime my Spirit. *Exit.*

Enter Corſa, *and* Duarte. IV. iii

Corſa. Hence, hence, like Time; who ſwiftly flys away,
But euer more returnes. Goe cruell wench!
Thou haſt betray'd thy Miſtreſſe, euen to
Eternall

Eternall loſſe. Th'Angels that liue aboue
Haue ſeene it all. They know thee well enough.
In the generall Seſsion of the world;
It will not my adultery be call'd;
But a prodigious Rape deriu'd from thee.
Duarte. Good Madam, your Conſcience is too bold:
It troubles you too much. Diſmiſſe it: thinke,
That other Ladys haue offended more.
Corſa. Out Deuill. Wilt thou betray my ſoule too?
Duarte hence! I am inſpired with ſtrength
To make reuenge prooue maſculine.
Flye quickely hence. Why doeſt thou ſtay? There's Gold.
I prethee wench in all thy Pilgrimage
Diſperſe my faulte in charitable ſence.
Vſe me nobly with thy Tongue. So farewell.
Duarte. Or let my ſinne no mercy finde in Heauen,
No pitty heere on Earth. *Exit Duarte.*
Corſa. Now all the motiues of my Lords delight
Exterminate for euermore with me.
My ſilent Lute's interred in the Caſe.
My voyce now rather frights, then captiuates
The ſence. *Enter Luinna.*
O Siſter, dare you viſit me?
I am a ſtrumpet growne. Hence, and ſecure
Your fame.
Luin. Alack, what prodegie is this!
Corſa. I will tell thee all. For I ſhould diſgrace
Iniquitie to be modeſt now. The Duke ——
Luin. Ay me! What in that name can priuiledge
Offence?
Corſa. Heare my *Luinna*, heare. In midſt of night,
By my pernicious womans helpe; He opes
My chamber doore: whoſe faithfull Hinges ſhreek'd,
To warne me of his dire approach. His Hand
Imploy'd a Torch, a Torch; whoſe fancy weake
Aged, and blacke, had ouergrowen the flame.
And ſhew'd (me thought) like vnto *Tarquins* Ghoſt;

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Preaching in fire ; as if it counſell'd him,
To preuent ſuch pennance by forſaking
His attempt. This, I told him too. But he
(That came not to conſider, but to act)
O'rerul'd my Hands with his: then made ſhipwrack
Of my Honor.
Luin. O royall Villaine!
My ioynts and ſinnews diſsipated are,
And ſcatter'd in a trembling feare. But marke
More ſorrowes yet. My Husband looking in
My Cabinet, did ſpy that Iewell there,
Which the *Duke* laſt gaue me. It was to him
A new, and vnknowne ſtarre: and Commet like,
Imployd his thoughts with ſuch Aſtrologie
As made an Optick of his iealouſie;
Through which, he would diſcerne the cauſe, th'effect
Of its being there. I told him all the truth:
And Truth's oftner prayſed, then rewarded
Heere on Earth: for he diſmiſs'd me ſtreight
With fatall lookes.
Corſa. My Brother is a noble Gentleman.
Goe, goe, and kneele to him. All iealouſie
Muſt ſtill be ſtrangled in its birth: or Time
Will ſoone conſpire to make it ſtrong enough
To ouercome the truth. Shield vs ſweete Heauen!
The Sybills daunce about my Heart. They lay
Their verges heere: infuſing a prophetique feare:
Which whiſpers we ſhall neuer meete againe,
Lets take a ſolemne leaue: farewell for euer *they kiſſe.*
Luin. Farewell! the nobleſt Lady o'th' World.
Exeunt ſeuerall Wayes.

Enter Coſimo, *and* Borachio. IV, iv
Coſ. I am glad to ſee thee well *Borachio!*
But where's thy Maſter? what, in durance ſtill?
Bora. Alas Sir, I (Good Gentleman,) the Roome
Wherein they haue put him, is ſo litle

Hee

Hee fills it vp to the Roofe: and is faine
To leaue his Legges Sentinels without doore,
To watch the reſt of his body. Tis no
Chamber, but a Court-Cubbord.
Coſ. But they make him amends in his diet.
Bora. They cannot Sir, For he's a fainte eater,
If he would pray ſo often as he faſts;
He had bin at libertie long agoe.
He'le dine vpon a ſingle Pea; and leaue Orts.
Coſ. Doe they no more regard his potent hopes?
Bora. Alas Sir, when Fortune's Tippet ſtands vp,
Few men will lend a pin to tacke it downe,
I, and my linage haue ſweete loſſe of him:
I'm ſure o'that,
Coſ. Nay, that's too euident.
Bora. O ſir! I would not a'giuen this Ruſh;
T'haue bin aſſur'd all th'offices in's gift
But hang ſuch Dukes (I ſay) that ſuffer thus
Their Fauorites to be impriſoned.
Coſ. How now *Borachio!* Doſt thou ſpeake treaſon?
Bora. Sir, I haue ſayd no more, then what I meane
To vnſay againe: which is but a kinde
Of looſing one's labor. And 'cis better,
To be ill imploy'd then to be idle. *enter Caſtruchio.*
Coſ. How the ſlaue ſowes his Prouerbs together.
Are you come? I haue ſtay'd vntill the Clocke
Gaue your promiſe the lye.
Caſt. My time was ſpent to more aduantage.
I haue declar'd my intereſt in your blood.
If you aſsiſt my plots; you needs muſt ſhare
Succeſſe, that hath already warranted
A large requitall.
Coſ I am reſolu'd: and wiſh my ſelfe more able.
Caſt. T'is well. But now you vndertake buſineſſe:
You muſt be as ſerious as a Muſle.
That is: weare your Beard, vpon your tongue: talke,
Brauely. But of all auoyd *Dorido*

As

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As you would to drinke
A violent poyſon.
Coſ. Enough, he is a ſtranger to my thoughts.
Caſt. There's freſh encouragement — *gives him Gold.*
Coſ. A little more of this mettall would puzle
My Geography; Is this Italy
Or the Indies. There *Borachio!* Weepe no more
For thy Maſter.
Bora. Allas I'm apt to weepe, though I but ſee
An Onyon ſtripp'd naked.
Caſt. I thought to meete thy Maſter heere. I'm ſure
I ſaw the warrant ſign'd for his releaſe.
Bora. The Deuill take your worſhip for me, why,
D'yee bring ſuch good newes, on a work'y day?
Caſt. But thou pray'ſt ill, in praying the Deuill
To take me.
Bora. Why could he euer come to leſſe purpoſe
Then when he findes you doing well. Though he
Looſe his labour once: I dare warrant ye,
He'le come againe on the ſame arrand.
Caſt. A bitter foole.
Bora. Sir, let we friends be true to one another.
There are but few true friends extant. Let them
Be kindly vs'd and kept, if only for breed.
Caſt. With all my heart, tranſlate thy meaning.
Bora. Is my Maſter at liberty?
Caſt. I'le deferre an anſwere of this, vntill
Thy owne Eies be a little elder.
Bora. Well, is he ſtill in fauour with the Duke?
Caſt. Why he ſhall ſhortly gouerne all at Court,
And be a very Mote in the Duk's eye.
Bora. Enough. T'is not wholeſome to burſt with ioy.
Caſt. But what then?
Bora. I'ue thought with much care on theſe Offices:
And finde my ſelfe fitting to be in'em.
I will haue'em all; come Cut, and Long-taile.
For my Wife, will be ſuch a glad woman. *Enter Lotharia.*
Coſ.

Coſ. Looke! who comes there?
Bora. O Sir! giue me your bleſsing —— *He kneeles.*
Loth. Weepe not *Borachio!* I haue prepard
Such bloody art in my reuenge; as makes
Mens wits, more famous then their cruelty.
Let horror propagate. All's too little
For my vſe. But you Sir had the honor,
To releaſe me.
Caſt. Or elſe I had bin much dishonour'd.
Coſ. Sir, now he ſuppoſeth you in durance:
And is himſelfe ſecure; happely drunke,
Or riding in the ſtewes; you may take ſome
Aduantage on his ſoule too. Looſe no time.
Loth. That's my intent.
For it were dull humanitie to aime
No farther then his life. I'le purſue him
Euen to Hell.
Caſt. And let me alone ſo to facilitate
The proiect, by ſearch of fit time, and meanes:
As ſhall declare the act leſſe troubleſome,
Then thus to threaten it with words.
Bora. You Signior *Caſtruchio!* Signior Coxcombe!
Are you tir'd with doing well? you haue ſcarce
Brought my poore Lord out of the Priſon doores;
But you long to haue him in agen. Nay,
N'ere looke! For my Sword dwells within a Yard
Of my Tongue, and ſhall defend what I ſay
Caſt. What a pernicious Calfe is this?
Bora. What harme haue my poore Wife, and Children
To you, or yours; that ſeeing me within (done
A haires breadth, of a hundred offices,
You confound all, by leading my poore Lord
Into new broyles.
Loth. Bold Miſcreant! If I but ſtir ——
Coſ. Nay Signior! let him alone. *Borachio!*
Steepe thy wrath in cold water: follow,
And be dumbe. All ſhall be well.

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Bora. Yes, perſwade me to dry Ice in an Ouen?
But I'le follow your Heeles ſo cloſe: as Ile
Goe neere to tread vpon your Kibes.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Dorido, *and* Foreſte.

Dorido. Signior, I knew ye a braue Commander
Vnder the great Petruchio; and ſince
That time your conſtant virtues haue deſeru'd
More recompence, then Fate will miniſter
By me. My kindeneſſe is no miracle:
Since gratitude is only ſicke, not dead,
But pray beleeue what I haue ſayd is truth.
Foreſ. O Sir, t'is th'error of vnskilfull loue
To be too conſtant in her charitie
To all. But I haue grounds more relatiue
To make me iealouſe of the truth: and I
Beleeue you with my heart: and yet t'is ſtrange.
Doth this *Caſtruchio* thinke his haggard fate
Can triumph ouer mine? becauſe in luſt
The Deuill did inſtruct his induſtry:
Dares he attempt my life?
Dor. I giue you reall grounds for my ſuſpence.
Reward (ſir) may make a Villaine bloody
Though it cannot make him valiant. The Duke
Will let him want no Gold.
Foreſ. Nay t'is often ſeene.
Amongſt the ſeuerall Creatures of a Prince,
Such inſtruments as theſe moſt profit reape.
Imployments noble doe require themſelues,
And honour payes the great of heart, who looſe
But Time in ſeruice which is the Bodies wealth.
Your friend ſtays. If you pleaſe t'appeare with him
From thence, at my ſummons: I ſhall diſcouer more.
Dor. Noble Signior, I am yours, *exit Dorid.*
Foreſt. What hoa? *Luinna!* Wife! *Enter Luinna.*

Luin.

Luin. My Lord!
Foreſ. Come hither Loue. Signefie in ſecret
When was the royall Lecher heere diſguis'd?
What did he ſend thee laſt? when muſt ye quench
The Cyprian fire; hah! you may tell me all,
For I'le not blabb. Alas, I'm more ſilent
Then my Grandſire in his Tombe. A ſubtill Pimpe, I.
A Pander learned in the art. Tell me Chucke?
Luin. Alas my noble Lord! what doe ye meane?
Foreſ. Why nothing, I: yet tis enough I feele
The wrong. If ignorant, I ſuffer twice.
And therefore let me know my Enemy.
The little worme, when trod vpon; will turne
His Head, to looke vpon his Murderer.
And hath my Spleene no Eies? Is the reuenge
Of Man leſſe curious then a Wormes. — She weepes.
O *Luinna*, the ſacred knot's vnti'd.
Thou haſt defil'd and ſtayn'd the veſtall Sheetes.
Thy Breaſt ſhall be no more my Pillow.
Luin. O ſay not ſo: Let Thunder ſtrike me dead,
If I 'ere knew the *Duke*; with knowledge more
Diſhoneſt, then what harbours in the Eits;
Only by ſight.
Foreſ. O new horror! ſuch brazen impudence,
Would make a Negro bluſh. Come glotious whore.
Acquaint me with your tricks. Who! when, where, how?
For beſides the Iewell which he gaue thee:
I haue proofes, that will euen damme my ſiſter;
And conuince thee too.
Luin. My deere Lord? be not cruell in your Faith;
What I haue ſayd is truth.
Foreſ. Still conſtant in thy periurie. Mercy
Were tamenеſſe then. Thou ſhalt dye
Like an heroyique Whore: a ſtoute Martyr *Enter Dorido*
To thy concealed louer. Appeare ho! *and his Friend in*
Heere my ſhe goate! Theſe men are full and freſh; *vizards.*

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But if they cannot tire ye out: I will
Procure ye ſome of larger Thighs; that feede
On th' vnctious Lhaſis, and the Perſian-Crab.
Or bring the riotous Horſe, and the Towne Bull
To drownd ye in the act. Take her aſide,
And agree who ſhall beginne.
Luin. Stay, ſtay, O my Husband, my deereſt Lord!
Will you permit ſuch cruelty againſt
Your owne Wife. She, that hath ſo often ſlept
Within your Boſome. O ſpeake? doe you want
The naturall touch? ſtay, ſtay, I will confeſs't.
Foreſt. Stay, I'm of too eaſie, too ſoft a Soule.
My Heartſtrings (ſure) are made of ſilke: and 'tis
A ſubtill whore, ſhe knowes it well enough.
But come, be briefe. Charme me not with ſtorys
Of my former loue betweene vs.
I ſee thee as thou art, and thou appear'ſt
Like an intire, proportionable Boyle.
Why ſpeak'ſt thou not?
Luin. Sorrow was euer ſlow of vtterance,
And I doe tremble ſtill. I knew the time,
My duty hath bin held in more regard
Then now it is. All former intereſt
Is quit forgot.
Foreſt. Marke, did not I ſuſpect, ſhe would begin
Her Charmes agen. Away with her.
Luin. O ſtay, now, now, I will reueale all.
Foreſt. Be nimble then: and tell me punctuall truth,
For my reuenge is honeſt, and would not
Willingly miſtake, when it ſhall ſtrike.
Luin. T'is true, your Sſter's raviſh'd by the *Duke*.
Which fatall truth, this morning I receau'd
From her owne mouth, But if I ere did breake
My Mariage vowes, or thinke vnlawfully;
Then may I looſe my intereſt in Heauen.
My duty, and my loue remaine ſtill yours,
And this conſtancy deſerues ſome kindneſſe.

Therefore,

Therefore, if t'is decreed that I muſt dye:
Let me dye a modeſt death. Expoſe not
Your poore vvife, vnto the cruelty
Of Rauiſhers.
Foreſt. What thinke ye ſir?
Dor. My thoughts continue in the former ſence:
I haue a chaſte, and virtuous vvife; howeuer
You deſir'd aſſurance from a triall
So vnkind as this.
Foreſt. Still me thinks that Iewell which he gaue her,
Procur'd the ſame requitall that my Siſter made.
But let it paſſe. I doe coniure ye both,
(As y'haue bin Souldiers) to keepe your Tongues,
A ſafe diſtance from your Eares. Let not words
Diſperſe what you haue heard. T'is externall
Reputation that keepes ſome Men from ſinne.
Our faults once knowne, we doe neglect to mend:
Since Reputation ſuffers ſtill: for that
Admits of helpe, but it is neuer cur'd.
And ſo the fatall iarrs tweene Man, and Wife,
If ſecret kept, diſſenſion falls aſleepe.
But if once knowne to Fame; Fame talks ſo loude
She waketh it agen. Your ſilence Signiors,
Shall challenge much from my requitall.
Dor. Beſides our obligations to your worth,
Euen both our honors would impoſe it
As a virtue, not a trouble. We are
Your humble ſeruants. *Exit Doride with his Friend.*
Foreſt. I will deſerue you for my friends. Riſe—
You muſt be cleer'd by a ſtricter triall:
'Till when I doe neglect the large Charter
Of Husbands o're their Wiues: and command ye
As a Iudge th'offendor. Hence, and become
My Priſoner in your Cloſet. Take heede,
No curioſity in feare make you,
To pry in my deſignes.

 Luin.

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Luin. I doe obay ye cheerefully. *exit Luinne.*
Foreſt. O my heart! ſhall my induſtry, and hopes
Finde this period? My ſufferance is tir'd.
It is an old inconſtancy in Fate,
Soone to erect, and ſoone to ruinate. *Exit.*

A Chayre at the Arras.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter FORESTE *Solus.*

FORESTE, No, no, my Starres, it is too much to beare.
Though I were ſtomach'd like an Eſtridge,
Yet could I not digeſt ſuch hard dealing.
My Wife defil'd, *Corſa* raviſh'd. The Count
Abus'd where ſatisfaction is exempt
By Nature. My ſelfe proſcrib'd to ſuffer
By the cheape vallour of obſcure Villaines.
Would I had trode the humble path, and made
My induſtry leſſe ambitious. The Shrub
Securelie growes. The talleſt Tree, ſtands
Moſt in the winde. And thus we diſtinguiſh
The Noble from the baſe: the Noble finde
Their liues, and deaths ſtill troubleſome:
But humility doth ſleepe, whilſt the ſtorme
Growes horce with ſcolding. My Gall o'reflowes my heart:
And drownes propitious Thoughts. I will be iuſt
Yet cruell too. The darkeneſſe of the Night
Is thicke. I feele as I grope for way ——
Stay — That ſickly light from her chamber breaks.
Minion I'le beginne with you. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Corſa *and a* Boy.

Corſa. Sing gentle youth; who knowes if I ſhall liue
T'imploy thy voyce agen.

Song.

Boy. *Weepe no more for what is paſt*
For Time *in motion makes ſuch haſt*
He hath no leaſure to diſcry
Thoſe errors which he paſſeth by.
If we conſider Accident,
And how repugnant unto ſence,
It pays deſert with bad event:
We ſhall diſparedge Prouidence.

Enter Foreſte.

Foreſt. This is your Dirge.
Corſa. Hah! who is there?
Foreſ. Tis I. Diſmiſſe that trifle hence, and ſhut
The doore.
Corſa. Farewell Youth! Get thee to bed. *exit Boy.*
Foreſ. But where's the rigled Hagg; th' inceſtuous lump
Of heate? where is ſhe, ſpeake?
Corſa. Alas Sir, who doe you meane?
Foreſ. Why ſhe that Goſſips with the Deuils Damme,
The ſubtill Bawde, your Woman. O Siſter! *Corſa kneeles.*
I haue heard all. ——Nay doe not worke diſtinction thus.
Kneele not to me; you are my Patrons wife.
But yet where obligation is indeer'd;
There Iniurie condemns it ſelfe. Can you
Suruiue a wrong ſo eminent: a wrong
Committed 'gainſt your Husband, and my Patron?
Corſa. O Sir! I hope if you haue heard the truech
You will conclude it as a rape i'th' *Duke*;

And

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And no adultery in me.
Foref. How, a rape! o weake, and immodeſt ſhift,
Were *Aretine* aliue; or had I brought
A Crew of Midwiues heere: whoſe obſcene art
Might warrant the diſtinction good;
Although the cauſe did bluſh, to owne th'effect;
Yet thy appeale might ſtand: but heere are none.
If compulſion doth inſiſt, vntill
Enforcement breed delight, we cannot ſay,
The femall ſuffers. Acceptance at the laſt,
Diſparageth the not conſenting at the firſt:
Calls her deniall, her vnskilfulneſſe;
And not a virtuous froſt i'th' blood.
Come, ſit thee downe. — Or if ye meane to pray,
Kneele, and be nimble in deuotion.
Thou art to dye.
Corſa. My Noble Brother!
Doe not fright my ſufferance: vſe me kindly
With your tongue, and lookes: I am already
Reconcil'd to Heauen; and would perhaps
Conſent to your deſigne.
Foref. Bleſſed ſpeech! thou ſhalt preſcribe my geſture
And my Phraſe.
Corſa. T'were not vnnaturall in me, to wiſh
For life! yet minding what conſtructions
The world may make of my ſiniſter chance —
Foref. I there's the point. The giddy multitude
Haue neither skill, nor leaſure to conuince
Suppoſition, with Arguments of ſtrength
And charitie. Their quicke cenſure, brings ſuch
Effect, as Spectacles, when vs'd in haſt;
Which then doe rather aggrauate the ſhape:
Then giue diſtinction of the forme. Who, who,
Would liue to be an Argument for them?
Corſa. Doe ye conclude then, that I muſt now dye?
Foref. Why iſt not apt, and pregnant to your ſence,
It ſhould be ſo?

Corſa. Ere I take my laſt leaue of my kinde Lord.
Foref. Ceremonious forme, doth oft, ſo long
Delay our iourney; till it proone too late
To reach our home. T'is a long way to Heauen.
We muſt make haſt. Nay, if your courage faile
Before it comes vnto the leſt: I ſhall
Prepare to be vnkind. Grimme, black fancy
Could you indure to ſee your Lord; defil'd,
Polluted as you are? That kinde Patron
To all our family; whoſe conſtant loue
Is warranted by *Time*; that beſt can iudge
Of conſtancy. Who tooke you to his bed;
Vpon conditions cheape, and dangerous
To his owne eſtate.
Corſa. Sir, ſpeake no more: but vſe me as you pleaſe;
I will obay in all. (Scarfe
Foref. Come, ſtretch downe your Arme: and permit this
To faſtne it to th' Chaire. Then vaile your Eies.
We muſt not truſt a Woman's vallour ſo —
Corſa. Oh, oh, oh. (Heere
Foref. The torture's paſt. Thy wriſt vaynes are cut,
In this Baſon bleed: till dryneſſe make them curle
Like Lute-ſtrings in the fire ——.
Corſa. Commend me to my deereſt Lord. I am
His humble ſacrifice. Hee'le not be more
Vnwilling to grant attonement: then I
Haue beene to neede it. The Fates giue others
Expiation: which now they want themſelues.
I ſpeake too loude. For who dares chide with them
That may imploy Thunder.
Foref. Her beauty 'gins to wither. She diſtills
Like to a Roſe. O could I ſeparate
The blood defil'd from what is pure: I would
Shed that; then reſtraine the currant, know!
(Vnskilfull Nature) If operation
Should long ſubſiſt in ſuch groſſe mixture: Men,
Would be Deuils 'ere they liu'd in Hell.

Corſa. I come Celeſtiall Quire! —— *She riſeth vp.*
Foreſ. Extaſie! through weakenes in expence of blood!
Deare ſiſter! Diſturbe not your laſt Minutes.
Corſa. I muſt aſcend ——
Foreſ. How! would you enter Heauen; with fetters on
Your Soule? clogg'd with theſe mortall Limbs. Sit downe,
Expire in peace.
Corſa. O my Brother! whilſt I am yet humane,
Let me feele ſome intereſt in your blood.
What fault of mine deſerues impediments
In my laſt iourney? If my Lord were heere
He would haue ſeene me vs'd with mercy. (neſſe.
Foreſ. Sweete Soule! theſe, are but miſtakes of weake-
Corſa. Will not my Lord be merciſull; to me,
And to my memory. *riſeth vp.*
Foreſ. Sit ſtill. I bring no negatiue reply.
Thy worth ſhall ſhine in ſuch a Character:
That being dead; he needs muſt wooe thy Ghoſt.
Corſa. And will Poſterity conſent, that I
Abide in Liſt; with thoſe of modeſt fame?
Foreſ. That Aſtrologer; who ſpys thee firſt
Within a Starre: muſt not finde thee billeted
Neere to *Venus*. Such error in his Act;
Would make me wreath his Body into Cords.
And with prolix ſtrength draw the dull Caytiffe,
Through his ſlender Optick.
Corſa. Oh, oh, oh —— *Recorders: Sadly.*
Foreſ. A Convulſion in her Arteries!
Corſa. Mercy Heauen! *She dies. ſtill Muſicke*
Foreſ. Hearke! *aboue.*
As ſhe aſcends, the Spheares doe welcome her,
With their owne Muſicke. --- Her Soule is gone!
Hah? whether is it gone? O vaſt ſuſpence!
Madneſſe ſucceeds inquirie. Fooles of Nature! *Ceaſe*
What Anceſtor (that dyde long ſince) hath brought *Rec.*
Vs newes of his abode! or told vs how
They vſe him in the other world? O this.

VVilde

Wilde myſterie ſo much concerneth Man:
That we would willingly diſmiſſe ſuſpence
With Eieſight not with conſequence.
For he that ſees through Faith, but flatters doubt.
Faith's a Perſpe&tiue; through whoſe narrow lane;
Little things (fat of) ſeeme ſo much too great,
Too neere: that what was firſt vnknowne is more
Eſtrang'd from knowledge, then it was before.
Yet by the rules of lawfull notion: It
Goes well with her: for ſhe was euer giuen
To prayer: ſuperſtitious in humilitie:
And euen vnthrifty in her charitie.
She held her Virtues in ſuch high extreames,
That her Diuinity was troubleſome.
Grew from a Saint, a holy Cynick. Sleepe heere:
A ſacriſice to thy wrong'd Lord: Till I
(Thy Pries't) become an Executioner
To him; who was thy cruell Rauiſher. *Exit Foreſie.*

Enter Duke, *and* Caſtruchio.

Duke. Doth ſhe inſiſt in cenſure of the act
With ſuch a ſterne impatience, and diſlike?
Caſt. Euenſo (Sir) my intelligence imports.
For ſince her Woman, was diſmiſſed: ſhe ſent
A Meſſenger vnto Lucca; to vrge,
Her Lords returne: whom (by a labor'd conſequence)
I doe expect within this Hower. Hee'le chooſe
To trauaile in the Night for priuacie.
Duke. And I haue ſent to ſtay him there: vntill
A new Commiſsion order his returne.
Caſt. Moſt royall Sir, you then may gueſſe what frights
Such oppoſition in theſe meſſages
Will nouriſh in his Heart. And being yong,
He cannot feede on doubts. Hee'le rather thinke
His intereſt in you his preuiledge to erre:
So, ſlight your Mandate, and come home,

To ſettle his ſuſpence.
Duke. Remorſe doth cheriſh danger! Let me be ſafe.
Secure me in thy wholeſome Art. I would
Expreſſe my ſelfe without a Tongue —
Caſt. My gracious Lord; my apprehenſion lies
Not in my Eares but in my Braine. I can
Conceiue without the noyſe of words. It ſhewes
Apparent to my intellect: the Count
Preſuming on that free adreſſe, he ſtill
Hath had vnto your perſon: will hither bring
Corſa, and *Foreſte* to ſhew the ſhape,
And quallity, of his new ſufferance.
Be you within your bed, to free you from
The worlds ſuſpition: whilſt I doe place
Behind the Gallery doore (which leads vnto
Your Cloſſet Chappell) ſuch truſty ſpirits,
As ſhall dare to thruſt their weapons home.
Duke. O quinteſence of Soule. I will deuote
My actions wholly to thy vſe. Good night. *Exit*
Caſt. May ſlumber ceaze vpon your royall Eies
With gentle cloſure. Know, poore *Foreſte*!
The bag that holds my Gall is ſo immenſe, *Enter Duke.*
That when I ſteepe thee in it thou art drownd.
Duke. *Caſtruchio*; I haue better thought vpon't.
Caſt. My gracious Lord.
Duke. I would not haue thee hurt my Boy: vſe him
Kindly for my ſake.
Caſt. Shall I not ſtrike him heere; betweene the Ribbes?
Duke. Not for the world. Thou doſt not know his Soule.
He's of ſo ſoft, ſo ſweete a propertie,
That he inchants where he is knowne. Beſides,
I finde I am ſo powerfull o're his youth:
That I ſhall ſoone extirpate from his memory
The wrong I did his Wife, and him. As for
Foreſte: his experience is of growth
Too ſtubborne, of practiſe ſtiffe; and will not
Be remoo'd from his reuenge, by ſtrength of words.
Therefore

Therefore, let him no mercy feele: but let;
My Boy be gently vs'd for my ſake. Farewell — *Exit*
Caſt. This is a ſilly kinde of loue! *Duke.*
But let me thinke — So to contriue this plot:
That *Lotharie* may deſtroy *Foreſte*,
And I him to make his ſilence ſafe! humh — *Enter*
Duke. No; it muſt not be — *Duke.*
Caſt. My royall Lord!
Duke. *Lucio* (my Boy) is not porſcrib'd. Take heed
Caſtruchio! If thou doſt extend thy hand:
In motion, boyſterous, and rough to him;
Thou doſt infect all thy other kindneſſe:
And I ſhall ſee thee as a Cocatrice:
That will enforce my Optick-nerues to ſhrinke,
And pull my Eies into my ſkull. Looke to't.
Caſt. Moſt gracious Sir, were his perſon bulwark'd
With the Alpes: were he hidden in's owne feare;
He could not be more ſafe, then you haue made him.
Duke. Once more then good Night. *exit.*
Caſt. A plague vpon this turd-like loue. Such thoughts
When firſt your Blood did make your Vaines to ſwell
(Like Bridges 'ore your fleſh) had preuented
My imployment. Softely, ſoftely.
Feare, and ſuſpition euer walke on Egges.

Enter Foreſte, *and Seruants with a Light.*

Foreſ. Leaue heere the Light, and goe to Bed. *Exit*
Breake ope the doore, breake ope the doore. *Seruant.*
Foreſ. Hah! who counſels ſo vnlawfully? *within cry*

Enter Lucio *and Seruants.*

Lucio. O *Foreſte*! the fatall Houre is come
Ring out your Bells, vntill they wake the dead.
Let the Drumme murmure in a ſable Bagge.
Reuerſe your Muskets, and traile your ſtubborne Pikes

In ſlimy-Channels. Let Trumpets groane,
And the ſhrill Phiph be hoarce. The fatall Hower,
Is come.

Foreſt. Why, what's the matter Sir?

Lucio. O my wife! by this ſhe did entreat me *he ſhewes a Letter.*
Suddenly, (vpon ſome vrgent cauſe)
To haſte from Lucca to her: Iuſt now;
I lighted from my Horſe, enter'd her Chamber:
And found her newly murdered in her Chayre.
My Seruants ſay that my arriuall there,
Did iuſt ſucceed your departure from her.

Foreſ. Diſmiſſe your Seruants, and you ſhall know all.

Lucio. Hence, and expect me ſtrait at home. *Exeunt ſerv.*

Foreſ. I pray come hither Sir. -- Doe you diſlike
That iuſtice which depriu'd your Wife of breath?

Lucio Doeſt thou call it Iuſtice?

Foreſ. Yes, in the nobleſt ſtraine: ſhe was defil'd.
The royall Goate (the *Duke*) hath rauiſh'd her:
And I (that neuer could admit excuſe
In points of honor) (where euer ſuſpition
Sufficeth to condemne) did ſummon vp
My memory: wherein the kinde effects,
Of your beſt loue to vs are regiſtred.
And finding you betray'd in your owne Fort!
I ſlit her Wriſt-vaynes, and gaue perpetuall
Liberty, to her polluted Blood.

Lucio. O Villaine! more bloody then the Tyger;
Whoſe empty Entrailes noyſe, doth (Trumpet like)
Encourage cruelty; Though thou didſt ſlight her
As my poore Wife: yet ſhe might well expect
Some mercy, as being thy owne ſiſter.

Foreſ. Had ſhe included all propinquity
Of blood; which lawfull Mariage keepeth knowne,
Or promiſcuous Copulation, maketh
Intricate: this bare word (Honor) had bin
Enough, t'haue diuorc'd her from my mercy.
Sweete Lord; doe not miſtake your Seruant:

Whoſe

Whoſe kindeneſſe thinks his owne Siſter (when defil'd)
Was to baſe for your vſe.

Lucio. A bloody kindneſſe to diſtinguiſh ſo.
She was no Adultereſſe, but enforc'd. Her thoughts
Were pure: and ſuch a noble ſympathy
Indeerd her Soule to mine; that her owne Teares,
Might ſoone haue waſh'd away her Bodys ſtaine.
And ſhe againe ſeeme cleane. *Corſe!*
O my Wife! my boſome Girle! where art thou?
Speake, no reply? Art thou ſo much buſied
With thy new acquaintance now in *Heauen*:
That thy poore Lord, may not borrow one word
At parting? Draw, draw ingratefull Monſter!
That haſt preuented thus our Dialogue.

Foreſ. Sir, coole your ſpleene! take breath awhile:
And heare me ſpeake.

Lucio. No falſe Syren! thou holy *Hypocrite!*
I know thy tricks too well! 'Cauſe I am yong,
Too ſoft of heart, and apt to melt
In euery flame of my owne triuiall loue;
Therefore thou think'ſt to practiſe on me now
With ſubtill phraſe. Draw, or elſe thou dy'ſt.

Foreſ. Come -- Let me dye (as ſhe) a ſacrifice
To thee my Patron. *offers his naked breſt.*

Lucio. A ſacrifice to me! O *Foreſte!* *flings away his Sword.*
Why doſt thou multiply thy skill
To thy friends preiudice? It is not well,
In troth it is not. Imploy thy owne heart:
Thinke vpon't thy ſelfe. 'Tis not kindely done:
I ſhould not haue vs'd you thus —
Foreſ. O my deere Lord! where did I looſe your heart?
I am o'recome at theſe expreſsions.
I cannot weepe much: yet my Eies are moyſt.
O my vnskilfull gratitude! what dire
Miſtake, confounds our properties! I kill'd
A *Siſter*, to ſecure a Friend. T'was ill,
T'was not the right way. A true Romane now,

Would

Would walke aſide, and with his owne Sword
Diſmiſſe his owne Soule: and not permit
Moyſture in youthfull Eies, thus to diſgrace
The ſtrength of elder loue. I cannot weepe,
But our diuinity ſupplyes vs with
Diſcreeter wayes, to make affection knowne;
Enough. I will prefix but one ſhort Houre,
To thinke vpon't. Heere ſir. Sheath your good ſword,
Till reuenge prooue ripe. And I coniure
By all my Siſters loue to follow me:
In whoſe behalfe, your iuſtice may imploy
It ſelfe. Which done, you ſhall behold my Heart
Without a Perſpectiue.
If it concerneth her; by whom thou doſt
Coniure my ſeruice, I'm bound to follow thee.
Foreſ. What hoa! *Enter Luinna.*
Luin. My Lord.
Foreſ. Come Minion, come along with vs. You walke
Vnto the Barre. If triall find thee falſe;
Thou ſhalt be ſcattered into Attomes.
Luin. O my deuining Soule! Sure my Siſter
Is not ſafe

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Caſtruchio, Lothario, Coſsimo, *ſeuerall wayes.*

Caſt. Signior *Lothario!*
Loth. Heere! Signior *Coſsimo!*
Coſ. I am heere. Speake low. Coſen *Caſtruchio.*
Caſt. I am heere too. Why are we ſcattered thus?
Coſ. T'is in ſearch of *Borachio*; who fearing
Danger in this action, commits himſelfe
Very tamely to his Heeles.
Caſt. Let him be damn'd vnthought of. Haue you heard,
Or ſeene a Paſſenger.
Coſ. No, yet *Lotharios* giues me notice:

Of

Of a noyſe farre off: but you know the length
Of an Aſſes eare.
Loth. Paſſes there (ſay you) who is't?
Coſ. He eechoes by miſtake. No body: but
My Couſen ſayes he le lugge the Aſſes eare,
Speaking of your Man.
Loth. The Butchers dog ſhall ſaue him a labor.
Caſt. Well Gentlemen, I haue intelligence
(By my Boy) that *Foreſte*, and the Count,
Are comming hither. Looke to't. But let the Coune
Be ſafe. You know his voyce *Lotharie?*
Loth. Very diſtinctly.
Caſt. Well, any Man (but he) that ſtirres his Tongue,
Enuites his owne ruine. Giue me your Hands
I'le bring ye to a doore: through which, if they
Doe paſſe, it muſt be ouer vs.
Loth. Leaue *Foreſte* to my charge for I am
His impediment.
Coſ. Softely, ſoftely.

Exeunt Omnes.

The *Duke* (on his Bed) is drawne forth.

Enter Foreſte, Lucio, Luinna.

Foreſ. Now ſet we the reflex at liberty. *He opens a*
Heere let me beg your tariance: 'till I *darke Lanthorne.*
Reſolue a doubt that moſt concernes my Heart.
Lucio. You ſhall. But doe not execute reuenge
Vpon the *Duke*; till my aſſent encourage thee.
Foreſ. My actions are confin'd: Vpon, not in
The Bed? Guilt confounds all order, and makes,
Our reſt vnnaturall. Miſtreſſe, ſtand you there.
He leads Her to ſtand at the Beds feete.
Duke. Hah! from whence than light! who waites within!
Foreſte, is it you? what doe you meane
By this vnciuill viſitation!

K *Foreſ.*

Foref. I am not ſo vnthrifty of my time
To ioyne replys, vnto demands, I muſt
Depriue you of your Soule.
Duke. How? Is this Language lawfull, vnto me
Thy Soueraigne Prince. Did not high-prouidence,
Treble the aſſurance of my ſafety:
By Guards inuiſible, when I was firſt
Predeſtinate to this ſupreame function?
And darſt thou tempt the ſtrength of Heauen?
Foref. I know 'twere a prophane curioſity
In me, to queſtion the prerogatiues
Of a free Prince. For ignorance, and a dull,
Eaſie faith; muſt flatter bondage ſtill.
Or Libertie (th'eldeſt Child of Nature)
Confounds predominance, by ſuing for
Equalitie amongſt the Sonnes of Men:
And ſo reuokes a Chaos.
Duke. Which ſoone returnes: vnleſſe diſtinction
Perſwade thee fixe my Royalty, aboue
Thy reach: that art my naturall Subiect.
Foref. Enough falſe Sir. Warme not the ayre with words.
Be ſtill, or I conclude ye in a trice,
And now requite the Leaſure, I permit
For prayer: by a true reply to what
I ſhall demand.
Duke. I will.
Foref. Looke on your oppoſite.
Did you euer make her an Adultereſſe?
Speake truth, ſo come your Soule to Heauen.
Duke. Neuer. So come my Soule to Heauen, as I
Speake truth.
Foref. O Sir!
Take heede the Periurer hath little hope
On the laſt day, to hide himſelfe i'th' Crowde.
He is a ſinner much too eminent.
But what meant that Iewell which you gaue her;
And which ſhe conceald; till it's owne iuſtice

Did betray it?
Duke. I gaue it to diſguiſe the cauſe, for which
I ſent the other vnto *Corſa*.
Lucio. That name will prick my fury on: although
I ſtriue to be propitious.
Foref. I know *Luinna*, thou art merciſull;
Forgiue me gentle Girle. It was the firſt
Bargaine we did make i'th' Church, to Share
In ſufferance.
Luin. And 'tis my duty Sir, to be moſt prompt
In the obſeruance.
Foref. My Lord!
Lucio. A rude ſummons, that calls me as a Iudge,
To cenſure on the errors of my Prince.
Duke. What, Is he there too? *O* killing obiect!
Foref. Behold (yong Lord) the cruell Rauiſher,
Whom Time himſelfe ſhall neuer parallell,
Though he ſuruay his old Records, and ſcratch
His reuerend Head to waken memory.
Lucio *O* horror! furniſh vs (ſweet Heauen) with ſome
Inſtinct. Inſpire remorſe: or we accuſe
Thy skilfulneſſe to predeſtine vs a Prince:
Murdring, whom thou didſt annoint our Soueraigne.
Foref. My heart ſwells. I'm full of griefe, and danger.
Some Iron Hoopes to helpe my Ribbes, or I ſhall burſt.
Duke. The cauſe deſerues great alteration.
More then mortallity can ſee, and yet
Be ſafe. I wonder Heauen takes ſo little
Notice of it. I am not ſindg'd to death
With Lightning Like the Dorr: nor murdred through
The Eare with thunder; like a Batt. O *Lucio*!
Minde not my former loue: but ſtrike, vntill
I groane my laſt.
Lucio. *Foreſte* ſheath thy ſword. It muſt not be.
He was our Royall Maſter once, and might
In modeſty compare himſelfe; with all
Beſt Princes; whom Fame reſerues as Paternes.

For my ſake ſheath your Sword.
Duke. O I ſhall ſuruiue my Royall Charter?
My creature is more beautifull then I:
More wealthy in his loue.
Foreſ. For my owne part, I will annihilate
My ſelfe: for ſhould I liue, I ſhould grow madde:
But I am bound to care for you (my Lord)
Take heede! I know the tricks of Maieſtie.
They thinke they cannot be ſecure after
Doing ill; but by doing worſe: that is,
By killing quite, whom erſt they did but wound.
Lucio. And that's the ſurgery, which I deſire.
I will endure all. O my Lord, my Lord,
I will not bid Poſterity tell tales: nor charge
Hiſtorians to inſert in Annalls;
On ſuch a Night a great Italian Duke,
Rauiſh'd his Creature *Lucio's* Wife: Siſter
To *Foreſte*, his active Councellor.
Foreſ. *Lucio*, compos'd of ſuch an humble loue:
That to ſecure his Maſters feete, would ſpread,
And ſcatter all his Linnnes, for him to walke vpon.
Lucio. And *Foreſte*, whoſe induſtry, and care
Outwatch'd Leane-vigilance, 'till ſhe grew mad.
But come, Let's leaue him to contriue our deaths.
My Heart ſo fills my mouth, I cannot ſpeake.
Duke. *Lucio* ſtay, *Foreſte* ſtay awhile.
Leaue me not thus anatomiz'd with breath. *He riſeth*
Diſſect me really with your good Swords. *from the Bed.*
Behold my Breaſt, take out my Heart: and if
You finde your figures there, then vſe my Fame
With Mercy.
Lucio. *Foreſte* come away.
Foreſ. Make haſt *Luinna*.
Luin. I am wak'd out of a ſtrange amazement.
Exeunt Foreſte, Lucio, Luinna.
Duke. Hide me ſwelling Hills! rough, and ſcabbed Rocks,
Ye Quarries cleaue, and ſucke me in, then ioyne
Againe.

Againe. Would it not make a Patriarke mad?
O who ſhall bribe the Sunne, that in the day
Of generall accompts: he may auouch
He neuer ſaw me heere. Hah! falſe Memory!
I forgot to tell 'em of *Caſtruchio*.
Tis beſt to o'retake 'em. I cannot gueſſe
Which way they went:
Exit the other way.

Enter Caſtruchio, Lothario, Coſimo.

Caſt. Hell, and the Pillary take ſuch dull Eares.
It cannot be, but they haue paſs'd the Cloyſters,
And e're this, with helpe of priuate Keyes,
Entred the Dukes Bedchamber.
Loth. Thoſe were Authors of that noyſe, I ſpoke of.
Caſt. The very ſame. A pox vpon demurres.
Coſ. Will you lead the way, that we may hearken *enter*
If they be there, or no. *Duke.*
Duke. If I ſhould come too late? ——
Loth. That's none of the Counts voyce. Haue at ye ſir.
Duke. O, O, O, I am ſurpriz'd in my owne ſnare.
Caſt. It is *Foreſte* ſure. Let's make ſafe worke
Kill *Lothario*, lay him by him, and depart.
Coſ. A match.
Loth. O Villaines, O, O, O. *Lothario dies.*

Enter Foreſte, Lucio, Luinna.

Foreſ. What noyſe is that?
Caſt. Another *Foreſte*.
Lucio. My Royall Maſter bleeding on the Ground!
O murderous Villaines:
Luin. Murder, murder. Helpe! oh helpe! *Exit*
Lucio fights with Coſsimo, Foreſte with Caſtruchio.
Foreſ. The *Duke* my Soueraigne ſlaine, and *Lucio*;
Bleeding at his feete. Villaine take this thruſt.
At

At my owne preiudice.
Lucio. I am foyld by a baſe hand.
Caſt. Flie *Coſimo*, flie. *Exeunt Caſt. and Coſ.*
Foreſ. Some comfort yet remaines: in that I am,
Proſcrib'd to ſhare in thy fate, though it be bad.
I looſe much blood. O triuiall fortitude,
Falſe Sinnewes, doe you begin to ſhrinke? *He fals downe.*
Duke. *Lucio*, Let my Soule, cary your pardon
With her vnto Heauen; and yours *Foreſte*.
This ſtratageme was mine, but the ſucceſſe,
Was much againſt my will.
Lucio. Sir, I forgiue you all.
Foreſ. Nay let vs ioyne Hands. — We doe forgiue
Each other, and the World. The like mercy
May Heauen beſtow on vs.
Duke. Amen, Amen.
Lucio Amen, Amen. *they die.*
Foreſ. There his heartſtrings broke. *Lucio* (my Patron)
Already Chapfalne to: that ſight deſerues a Teare:
Though I ſhould ſtabb my Eies to warrant it.

Enter Dorido, Luinna, *Courtiers with Light:*
Caſtruchio: *and* Coſimo: *led in.*

Dor. Bring the ſlaues in, their deeds will ſoone conuince
Their faint deniall, where did you leaue 'em Lady?
Luin. Here, here, O my Lord, my Lord.
Foreſ. I haue not breath enough to comfort thee.
With words, mercy Heauen. *dies.*
Luin. O my Lord? my Husband He's dead, he's dead.
Dor. Hold the Lady there: O dire ſpectacle.
the *Duke*, *Lucio*, *Foreſte*, and *Lothario*
Lye here breathleſſe. I did ſuſpect ſome blacke
Conſpiracy. Which made me haunt them two
Vnto the Pallace, but I did looſe 'em
By the Chappell ſtaires; bloody dogs, what Deuill
Prompted thee to this action.

Caſt. I hope, I'ue not ſo much Blood left, as will preſerue
Me for an anſweere.
Coſ. I feele my end to neere. (there
Dor. Take em away, and cloſe their wounds, though
Be ſome mercy ſhewne, by thus deferring
That reward which your blacke ſoules ſhall receaue
In Hell. Yet know the Law will heere on Earth
Prouide ſuch tortures as ſhall make your deaths
Exemplary to all ſucceeding times. — *exeunt ſome with*
Gentlemen, your ſilence may be excus'd. *Caſt. and Coſ.*
Where, theres ſo much cauſe of admiration.
Some helpe transfer the dead from hence, others
Call vp the Councellors of ſtate.
So intricate is Heauens reuenge gainſt luſt.
The righteous ſuffer here, with the vniuſt.
Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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